

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

De Lisle; or, the Distrustful Man. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1828. Edward Bull.

To be at once dissatisfied and delighted is no uncommon predicament for a critic now-a-days; and such is the situation in which we find ourselves, after an attentive perusal of these volumes. Not a page have we turned over that does not evince powers of the highest order, and scarcely one in which the very abundance of those powers has not betrayed their possessor into something like an extravagant and injudicious application of them. Commanding the whole range of human sympathies, he has thought it necessary to put them all in requisition, and by spreading his events over too wide a field, and employing too numerous and diversified an array of personages, he has done much to weaken what would otherwise have been extremely interesting and effective.

The hero of this work has no more right to be, *par eminence*, a *distrustful man*, than ninety-nine out of every hundred individuals who have either to struggle or to mingle with the world. To be annoyed by a tyrannical and intriguing mother, cheated by a lawyer, and deserted by a mistress, are events of too every-day occurrence to be described as giving a permanent and prevailing tinge of distrust to the disposition of any intelligent man. In fact the sensitive or the susceptible man, the shy or the reserved man, would have been equally, if not more appropriate terms. It is *these*, rather than the disposition to *distrust* that lead De Lisle into many of his vexations and embarrassments.

The man who is everywhere received with open arms, who loves many, and fascinates all, yet who breaks one noble and affectionate heart, and trifles with others, deserves to be distrusted, but has surely no reason to plead distrust of his fellow-creatures as an apology for his offences against them.

The author prepares us, in the following passages, for the peculiarities of character with which he has attempted to clothe his hero:

"It seemed his fate always to see human nature in its worst point of view: the idea once caught, seized upon his imagination; he turned to it upon all occasions, and the scoffing fiend welcomed him each time with more cruel mockery than before."

"The instances of management and deceit that had shocked his childhood, were traced, or fancied, in every other family, as he advanced to manhood. Believing that every one in this life must either deceive others, or be himself deceived, he went about among his fellows, armed, impenetrable, and inflicting on himself more pangs than a host of enemies

could have succeeded in fastening upon him. Too generous and high-minded not to scorn deceit himself, he was too vain to think with patience of being a dupe. Sad in solitude (for what noble spirit but mourns over the depravity of others?) and constrained in society, his existence was more irksome than could well be imagined by those who only saw his outward situation.

"As no man can always adhere to a system, be it good or bad, De Lisle had occasional glimpses of satisfaction, in opposition to his tenets. He had instinctive pleasures, for he was benevolent; and the first emotion is to believe you have done good, and to rejoice in it; however you may persuade yourself hereafter, that the object might be unworthy, or the means inadequate. The mere spirits of youth and health create an artificial enjoyment; and when you are amused yourself, you cease to remember how often in others the signs of mirth are the veils in which the proud and the susceptible conceal grief from the gaze of indifference.

"De Lisle was too friendly and kind in essential things, as well as in acts of courtesy, not to have many intimates who felt some regard for him, but he was too cautious to have friends: he sought not the confidence he withheld; but when forced upon him, he never betrayed it. The esteem that was felt for him never bordered upon enthusiasm, and when he saw others, every way his inferiors, excite a sentiment approaching to it, he could have wept to think, that of all living things, he alone was unbeloved. He forgot that sympathy is not gratuitous, and that from his schoolboy days to the present hour, he had laid no claim to it."

At Spa, De Lisle connects himself with Madame de Lausanne, an attractive and imaginative, but utterly heartless creature, whose portrait is felicitously drawn. Deserted by her temporary protector, Major Wilmot, De Lisle supplies the place of the truant lover, conveys the lady to England, and even meditates marriage with her. From this degradation, however, he is saved by the interference of Lady de Lisle, who writes to Madame de Lausanne, and occasions her immediate departure from London. Subsequently De Lisle encounters Madame de Lausanne again, and receives from her a history of her life; and which of course affords him an explanation of the circumstances which occasioned her sudden flight. They are now separated for ever; and to this, as we think, very inadequate cause, the author traces the origin of the prejudice, mistrust, and suspicion with which it was his object to invest his hero.

In the neighbourhood of Rome, De Lisle meets with and relieves an interesting peasant girl, whose home had been burnt, and her parents carried away by banditti. With

this female his benevolence inextricably entangles him, and the consequence may be easily imagined. When compelled to return to England, he leaves his victim in a monastery, her introduction to which is naturally and pathetically related. In this retreat the blighted flower speedily fades away; and at the triumphant close of a long and vehement electioneering struggle, De Lisle receives an account of her death:

"He gave a dinner at the largest inn in the neighbouring town, and really felt animated. Called upon to express gratitude for the exertions of his friends, and confidence in their kind feelings, he was carried away by the stimulus of the moment, and more than half believed what he said. He talked of his political sentiments till the theme roused him, like the young war-horse who smells the distant battle. He returned home late, or rather early, full of those artificial spirits, the situation he was placed in, and the wine he had swallowed, conspired to excite. His servant, as he lighted his candles, gave him a foreign letter;—he threw it from him, for, in high good humour with himself, he wished not to be chilled by a few reproving lines from Isabella. He had shoved it so violently, that it fell over the table; and as the servant picked it up, Hubert perceived it had a black seal. He tore it open impatiently, and his eye first caught the large characters of the enclosure, written by the abbe :

"Cornelia is no more. She was this day hurried to her silent dwelling, for the livid spots on her breast might have spread, and given rise to conjectures it was my desire to avoid. De Lisle! the impassioned spirit that loved you above its Creator, is in an unknown world—there is no longer a trace of it on the earth:—let her be a warning for the future. It is the sister of Lionel Seymour who implores you to take heed of your ways. These things are spoken lightly of in the world, but remember that can be no venial trespass which offends the purity of God, and breaks the heart of one of his creatures."

Hubert looked long and carefully at these few lines, in the hope that, by dint of examination, some soothing detail, some consolatory feeling might be found in them. The letter inclosed, he doubted not, was from Cornelius, but he feared to open it. It was the voice of Death, from which he shrank with superstitious awe. As increasing light broke through the stillness of early day, he summoned resolution to know at once all that could be known. In the last painful hours of life, thus had Cornelius written:

"A long, a last adieu to my beloved! They tell me, we feel not in other worlds as we have done in this—that when the spirit is disengaged from this clumsy dwelling-house, we love without pain or anxiety. It is a blessed creed, and I will hope in it. For you, sole thought of the heart-broken Cornelius! mourn

not for me. They say, that in your country, those who have nothing left to hope here, will often turn voluntarily to the dread hereafter—you will not, then, think it unpardonable that I lay down the burden of life, which is become too heavy for me to bear. Your last letter was all I waited for: it is on my heart, and chills the place it touches, though fever rages around it. I do not reproach you, that you could not love me; but had you told me so before, I had not purchased shame and welcomed death. Had you been severely merciful, I could have turned in innocence to my Almighty Father, and clung to him when no human heart was open to me. Alas! I saw in you the reflection of my own ardent feelings, and I mistook the shadow for something real. It has grown paler and paler, and now is vanished; its last feeble outline was dear to me; it was my all. This is the first and last letter I write to you. Pardon these tears. I did not think, when you taught me to form these characters, I should so employ my knowledge. Knowledge! it is indeed a bitter tree. I longed to gather its fruit, and what have I learned? That I am a wretch whose sin man will never pardon; the world has branded me with infamy. I will try to hope God will be more merciful; but I will not mock his holy altar by pronouncing there vows which my heart disclaims. I cannot cast the mantle of hypocrisy over my guilt, neither can I again appear in the world under a false character, and usurp esteem from the good. I could better bear insult from the wicked. I am a burden on your generosity here. I could receive your alms, but then it is too like the wages of sin to be accepted gratefully. One little redeeming word of tenderness, and I would have struggled with my bitter lot a little longer. Yet I am thankful you have not deceived me. The tortures of suspense are at an end. Your heart I never possessed, your esteem I have forfeited. Surely if you were here, you could not ask me to live? But you are very, very distant, and the gravestone will long have rested on my weary breast, ere you know that the being who idolized you, and lost herself for you, can never again say how dearly she had loved you. May you be happy with the dreams of ambition, if they can fill a mind like yours,—with the applause of the world, if it can reach your heart! And when you marry, Hubert, choose one who knows better the distinctions between virtue and vice than did your poor peasant girl; but ask fearlessly of the Almighty that she may have a heart as full of you as “YOUR OWN CORNELIA.”

Hubert read over this letter but once. He locked it up with the braid of hair she had sent him, and a picture he had made her sit for at Genoa; he placed a seal upon the lock, and buried the remembrance of these things in the remotest recesses of his heart. The time for self-delusion was past; he could no longer gloss over a tale in which were despair and death. His dormant conscience had been soothed by much specious reasoning, but it was awake at last, and claimed its own. He saw himself a seducer and a murderer. He scorned himself, as he had formerly scorned others. He reproached alike his want of principle and generosity at the first, his want of justice and integrity at the last. He wrote a few, a very few lines, to the abbess, and even the cold and blameless Isabella wept over the anguish they contained.

After this De Lisle marries, and then indeed merits his appellation of ‘the distrustful man;’ for he tortures with cruel and un-

founded suspicions the amiable and accomplished creature to whom he is united. Irritated by the consequences of his own injustice, he resolves upon effecting a separation:

“Accordingly, the morning on which Gertrude left them, he sent to beg Lady Rosamond would come down to his room. It was long since she had received such an invitation, and she obeyed it with something of the alacrity of former days. Her light step, her mild and peaceful countenance, the almost cheerful tone in which she addressed her husband, acted most painfully on him. He felt as if he could not breathe in the house, and asked if she would be afraid of walking a little way with him. She readily assented, and throwing a shawl over her shoulders, followed him out on the lawn. He laboured to repress the agitation that shook his frame, and sat down on a garden-seat, hardly knowing whether he had courage to go through with his resolution.

“Are you going no farther?” asked Lady Rosamond; “it is rather damp here.”

“We shall not be here long,” said he, in a low tone, “and we want no sunshine for our conversation.”

He paused, and his wife’s pulse beat fast, apprehensive of some new fancy that would be distressing to listen to, though little guessing what it was to be.

“He resumed, “We do not require a long conversation on a harassing subject. I wished, as concisely as possible, to mention my conviction that our present uncomfortable situation might be ameliorated with a little resolution. Perhaps we shall find it impossible to be happy—but we shall spare ourselves much of what we now endure, by parting at once.”

De Lisle stopped. He did not venture at first to look at his wife, but, surprised at her silence, he did at last look up. She stood before him with her eyes dilated, her colourless lips half unclosed, her whole attitude that of fixed attention and painful surprise. There she stood, silent, motionless, eager to take in at every possible sense the full measure of wretchedness.

He was shocked at her countenance. He perceived that he had so long contemplated the plan he now proposed, that it had escaped him how new it was to her, and how unprepared she was for so serious a determination. He took her hand, and, obliging her to sit beside him, he regretted having so abruptly mentioned his intention, which, of course, was more familiar to his own imagination than it could be to hers.

“You know me, Rosamond,” he continued, “and you know, I hope, that you have no harshness,—no unnecessary harshness—to fear from me! I am acting from reason, not from waywardness; and when you recover from the astonishment with which I lament to see you have listened to me, you will discover that I am right; and that I have considered your feelings as much, if not more than my own. I will not deprive you of the children. Two of the boys are at school: I ask but to share their holidays with you. The others you will sometimes send to visit me. It is a great sacrifice; but I can bear any thing better than the life I have led for some time. I shall shut up this house on the plea of economy, and reside, when in the country, at my shooting box, which is larger than I want for myself. The cottage we built by the sea, and which you are so fond of, will contain the rest of the family; and there is

the house in town, to which you can go when I am not there.”

Sir Hubert had spoken in breathless haste to get over, what he conceived to be, necessary arrangements, but on which, nevertheless, it was inexpressibly painful to dwell. He felt relieved when all was said, and added a few words of general soothing and kindness. It did not appear that Lady Rosamond was conscious of their import. She sat with both her hands covering her face, too much overcome to speak, but sufficiently herself to comprehend the prospect thus opened upon her. That he should so long have considered all this! so reasoned, and deliberated, and matured his determination! It went like a dagger to her heart. Many a thought came hurrying to and fro, which she forcibly repelled, and yet which returned again.

A sort of instinctive feeling, that resolution was necessary, and submission a duty, gave her power to check for a moment the agitation that inwardly shook her. She withdrew her hands, and looked calmly upwards. Her lip was pale and quivering, but there was a burning spot on either cheek, that gave a wild unnatural brilliancy to her eye. She essayed to speak, but the effort was vain. She could as soon have uttered a sound in the agonies of suffocation, with the hand of a fiend grasping her throat. When she perceived it was so, she contented herself with bowing her head in token of obedience, and slowly rising, she turned towards the house. It was evident she could hardly distinguish her way, and De Lisle offered to guide her. But in this first moment of agony, kindness from him was a sort of mockery. Passion is ever unjust, and who is at all times dispassionate? Lady Rosamond did not withdraw her hand; she snatched it away, with a motion indicating more scorn and contempt and loathing, than it seemed possible to express by one brief action.

It was Sir Hubert’s turn to feel overwhelmed and blasted, and he remained rooted to the spot where his wife had rejected his aid, long after she had disappeared. He heard through the open window of her apartment, her door closed with some violence. He started and turned away, unwilling to listen for any other sound, but one did pursue him, smote on his ear, and impelled his steps more swiftly forward. It was a cry so feeble, so prolonged, so indescribably sad, it painted well the broken heart from whence it sprang. De Lisle sprang forward faster and faster, till he left the house far behind; but the sound rang in his ears, lived in his nerves, and seemed ever and anon renewed by memory in clearer, sharper tones than the first. Will this ever subside? thought he at last to himself; or have I plunged into greater misery, impatient of what, perhaps, was nothing strange—nothing more than thousands meet with and endure? No! this is mere weakness. I knew I should suffer at first: but calm will come to us both. Poor Rosamond! I have steeped your gentle spirit in bitterness; but you will forgive me, and be happier without me! A feeling of desolateness succeeded these reflections. He flung himself on the earth, and wept as he had never wept before.

Though, as we have already intimated, we do not believe that the author has in every instance done justice to the excellence of his own conceptions, he has produced an intensely interesting tale. If the modesty of nature is occasionally outstepped, at least we

have never to complain of the opposite and less tolerable offence of tameness and insipidity; and our quotations testify that in the essential attribute of a correct and eloquent style, these volumes have not many superiors.

Espagne Poétique : Choix de Poesies Castillanes, &c.

Spanish Poetry : a Selection of Castilian Poetry, from Charles V. to the present day, put into French Verse by DON JUAN MARIA MAURY.

(Concluded from p. 627.)

AFTER the poem of the Cid, which is justly considered as the most ancient monument of Spanish poetry, and the brilliant epoch of the Arabs, several centuries elapsed during which Castilian poetry became enriched with the works, more or less estimable of Alphonso, Juan de Meno, Macias, Villena, and the Marquis of Santillana, and thus, after different grades of splendour and obscurity, arrived at last at the regenerative epoch of Charles V.

Bescan, Mendoza, and Garcilaso were the poets who flourished during the reign of this prince; Leon and Herrera, St. Theresa, and Cervantes, engrossed the long period of the reign of Philip II.; the two brothers D'Ar gensola, Lope de Vega, Quevedo, and Rioja, adorned the reigns of the other two Philips of Austria, and were succeeded by Villégas, who lived under Charles II., and began the period of the complete corruption of taste in Spain.

From the time of Philip IV. to Philip VI. Spain produced no real poet; and it was only under Luzan that the Castilian muses resumed their splendour. This writer, more worthy of praise for the good he produced by attacking the bad rhymers of his time, than for the pieces which he composed, may be considered as the reformer of the Spanish Parnassus. His works are but little read, but he cleared the path in which, soon after, appeared the Colonel Don José Cadalso, who died at the age of forty, by a stroke from a cannon-ball, in the trenches before Gibraltar; Nicolas Moratin, the father of comic authors, and celebrated by his own two tragedies; Hormesindæ and Gusman Yriate, famed as a dramatic writer, and the first of Spanish fabulists. The following is one of his fables, translated into French by M. Maury, and re-translated by ourselves, into English verse:—

'THE SILK-WORM AND THE SPIDER.'

'A silk-worm once its pod was spinning,
And near a spider plied his trade,
Who spoke, while insolently grinning,
And to the sober silk-worm said:—
"Look here, Sir Silk-worm, prithee say,
What think you of my new erection;
Though scarce began at dawn of day,
Ere noon you'll see its full perfection."
The worm replied, "I well believe it,
It shows the time it cost to weave it."

Under Luzan, and such of his contemporaries as we have just cited, the French school ruled over Spanish literature; it was only under the government of Charles III., and from the writings of Melendez that Castilian poetry resumed any thing like originality. It was in 1785 that Melendez pub-

lished his first volume of poetry, in which may be found odes worthy of Anacreon, and fables that have been compared to those of the inimitable Lafontaine. He afterwards wrote some more serious, more philosophic, and even more dignified pieces, but none so flowing, graceful, and enchanting. This poet, who, with the lyrical Quintana, and Moratin, jun., the restorer of the Spanish theatre, holds the first rank among modern Castilian poets, died in a foreign country, the companion in exile of the illustrious Moratin, and where, also, expired his pupil, Cienfuegos, whom he had himself pointed out in one of his prefaces, as the inheritor of his talents,—a prophecy, however, which the latter did not fulfil, although his pieces, entitled *El Anciano y el Fresno*, and *El Tumalo*, contain some graceful and attractive ideas. We shall quote the latter of these patrals, which M. Maury has translated vilely into French:—

'THE TOMB.'

'Seest thou not, love, between yon hill
And yonder fountain's murmuring rill,
The cypress' solemn shades that wave
Above a solitary grave?
In endless rest, beneath that shade,
Two hearts that fondly loved are laid.
When children both, we heard the tale
That rung through every neighbour vale,
The voice that told to stream and grove
Palemon and Asteria's love.
Each elm-tree's bark has long displayed
The cyphers of the youth and maid:
While some resound Palemon's name,
Others Asteria's charms proclaim.
The young repeat, the old admire,
The songs that speak their passion's fire;
Their lays are sung in every glen,
Each mountain echoes them again.
Old age came on, and found them both
Still faithful to their early troth;
And gentle as a wo'er's breath,
Their latest sigh exhaled in death;
For e'en amid the closing gloom,
Love's brightness cheered them to the tomb.
Bethink thee, Phyllis, that ere while
In childhood's days that knew not guile,
Sporting in yonder laurel dell,
Their mutual love we heard them tell.
What fondness from their lips distilled!
What bliss in every accent thrilled!
With oaths how burning, strong, and deep
They swore eternal faith to keep!
We saw them, and recall'st thou well
How on our hearts we felt the spell?
Alas! those days of simple joy,
Bless not again the girl or boy!'
Thou said'st (and in that happy hour,
Thy trembling fingers rent a flower)
"I too will love, and older grown,
Each other we will love alone,
Palemon thou, Asteria I,
Like them we'll woo until we die."
My own dear maid, then wherefore wait?
This hour is given to love by Fate;
The rapid years of youth are flying,
The bloom of passion all is dying.
Delay no more; the shepherd pair,
In yonder grave repose from care,
Then thither come, and I and thou
Eternal love, like their's, will vow.'

To this list of contemporary Spanish poets, we ought to add the Count Norona, author of an indifferent epic poem, an ode to peace, in

which are observable elevation of thought and some fine images, and several fugitive pieces of little importance; Don Juan Arriaza, the friend of M. Maury, and who, as such, obtains rather exaggerated praise from our author; and lastly, Don José de Yglesias, the predecessor of Norona and Arriaza. It is to him, we believe, that we are indebted for the following epigram, which M. Maury has reduced to two lines, but which we have translated by four, conformably to the Spanish original:—

'Tu veux prendre le froc? à la bonne heure Antoine
Un laique pervers fait encore un bon moine.'

'Ay! to the convent take your way, man,
Do what you say the Lord desires,
For who can doubt a so-so layman
Is like to be the best of friars.'

M. Maury has commenced his second volume with a selection of ballads; some of which appear to us but feebly translated, but the greater number seem perfectly to express the ideas of the original. In our former review, we gave an opinion upon the general merits of M. Maury's work, of which we now take leave.

Yes and No: a Tale of the Day. By the Author of *Matilda*. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

If *Matilda* had not settled the question of its author's ability, to exhibit to the life the scenes and personages among which he moves, the present work would infallibly do so. It is a series of the most correct and spirited views of the higher orders of society, and will be universally acknowledged as the performance of one who knows how to 'catch the manners living as they rise.' In whatever aspect the subject or circumstance presents itself,—whether playful or pathetic,—whether invested with the lighter attractions of humorous fancy, or exhibited in deeper and more sombre colouring, the master-hand is equally apparent—the skill, the spirit, the fidelity the same.

The story opens at a country inn, at which its two heroes have just alighted, and where the distinctive peculiarities of each are immediately brought into action:

'One of the travellers had thrown himself upon a most uninviting sofa, and if his present position could for a moment have been mistaken for repose, it afforded the most conclusive evidence of the dislocating discomforts of the hack chaise, after which it was considered a welcome change.'

'His companion continued pacing the small apartment to stretch his legs, an unnecessary task, as, compass like, two strides measured its limits backwards and forwards.'

'Upon the next appearance of a waiter, loaded with writing boxes, dressing-cases, &c., he repeated his former order in a more authoritative tone—"Take away these," (with a contemptuous intonation,) "and bring wax candles." This order evidently excited the attention of the waiter towards him who gave it; the idea of a hack post-chaise being generally connected in the mind of the knight of the napkin with such gregarious animals as little boys going to school with a single guinea for pocket-money, or briefless barristers going the circuit without the remotest hope even of that single

guinea. Hastening to execute the first part of the command, the scrutiny which he still continued of him from whom he received it, prevented that perpendicular precision which could alone render the removal of the culprit "mutton-fats" perfectly inoffensive. And "boots," laden with portmanteaus and travelling-bags, meeting them on the threshold of the door, the gentle zephyrs by which he was accompanied, caused their sudden extinction, and carried back their odour as far as the upturned nostrils of the gentleman on the sofa, who had hitherto taken no part in the arrangement.

"So like you, Germain!" he exclaimed, as he started up.

"What's like me," replied the other, laughing, "an awkward waiter, or a nasty smell?"

"No—that restless vanity which gives you such an unhealthy craving for the good word of all alike who cross your path, however unimportant or worthless their opinion may be. You could not bear that even in an inn, you should be confounded with the common herd, and were impatient to buy distinction at the price of a pair of wax candles. This is what is so like you—'seeking the bubble reputation even in a waiter's mouth.'"

This tirade was borne by the other with an imperturbable placidity, which habitual experience of the like must have joined with constitutional good-humour to produce.

"My dear Oakley," he replied, "do for once drop the cynic this last night; remember, though constant fellowship has given you the right to say whatever you please to me, that our complete separation is about to take away your power of doing so—and I would fain hope that some little regret at what the future will deprive you of, might soften the exercise of the privilege the past has given you."

He paused a moment; and Oakley, who really liked him better than any one else in the world, seeming silenced by this appeal, and not showing any inclination to resume his attack, Germain continued:

"Besides, I really don't see how the no very uncommon peculiarity of preferring wax candles to tallow, should subject one to have one's whole character dissected."

"Germain," resumed Oakley, quietly, but almost solemnly, "you have alluded to our long fellowship through boyhood and youth; you are right in having done so, for the kindly feelings which that has ripened, will, I trust, long survive our present separation; when, had it been the kindred ties of cousinship alone which coupled our names, the black coat on the back of the one, for the death of the other, would probably have first reminded the survivor that the deceased had ever existed. For as different as our characters, are likely to be our pursuits. Indeed, so strange to me seem all professions of regard, that I may as well resume a tone of reproof, or you will already be unable to recognise your old friend. But call it by what name you like, it is sincere regard for you which induces me to tell you once again, Germain, that you have a most unhappy facility of character which will lead you to spend your fortune in acquiring things you don't want, and waste your time in doing things you don't like; and that, in over anxiety for other people's approbation, you will soon forfeit your own."

"However I may feel convinced I am in the right, I never could get the better of the argument with you; perhaps that very quality which you call facility, (meaning weakness,) and which I call candour, predisposes me

whilst I am listening to you, to acknowledge there is some truth in what you are saying, and your firmness of character which some might mistake for obstinacy, prevents your ever yielding a tittle. But I will put it fairly to you, whether any one would have supposed the sentiments you have just uttered, to be those of a young man of one-and-twenty, and whether you think it was any advantage at that age to have acquired the character you did last month at Paris, where, as we were always seen together, they compared us to English summer weather. I was the smiling sunshiny morning, and you were the cold cloudy evening that followed."

The other personages who figure in these pages, are sketched felicitously;—particularly Lord Rockington, a misanthrope to whom life has been a burden 'for twenty long years,' and who hails the approach of death with ecstatic pleasure. He has desired the attendance of Oakley, (to whom he bequeaths his property,) and, after stating that the consummation he has so long sighed for is at hand, continues thus:

"It was not merely to exhibit myself a common-place memento of mortality that I summoned you here. I would will you heir to my feelings, as I have done to my fortunes; I would bequeath you, not merely that wealth with which I have been wretched, but that experience with which you may be happy. I would have you despise the world as I do now, not yield its easy victim as I once did. I would leave, as the best legacy this world can contain, the consciousness that flattery is but the cloak of envy—confidence but a premium for treachery—that riches are but the means of purchasing disappointment—and that fame is the mark set up by fools to be the sport of knaves."

The Flamboroughs, an intriguing lady, with her son and three daughters, are amusingly hit off; but the author's most successful and fascinating portrait is that of Helen Mordaunt, whose brilliant mind and innocent heart deserve a happier destiny than Lord Normanby awards them. A female of multifarious business and much loquacity, Lady Boretton, and a no less entertaining creature, with 'a light heart but heavy heels,' Fanny Dormer, (a name which she exchanges in the course of the narrative for that of Mrs. Captain Wilcox,) contribute to the effect of the lighter details of the story.

The following quotation relates to our favourite Helen Mordaunt, now 'fallen upon the evil days' of poverty and obscurity. It is a fine morning scene; the lovely girl has risen early to carry all her little productions to the bazaar:

"The streets were still empty; the windows still closed. The doors were only just opened; and no spirits were stirring, except the Undines of the front steps, who were sporting their usual morning water-works. Many of them stopt for a time their twirling mops, whilst they followed Helen with a stare, in which admiration was blended with a certain difficulty in reconciling something in her air and appearance, with the disadvantageous moral construction, which naturally arose from their rarely seeing any one, at that early hour, at once good-looking, and looking good."

"As Helen, in hurrying abruptly on, turned a corner, she almost ran against two gentlemen

who were standing in earnest conversation, and in whom, to her no small dismay, she recognized Fitzalbert and Germain. Though she had passed them, before she was aware of this, and at first she hoped unobserved by them, yet she soon became conscious she was followed, and she fancied known. She was somewhat reassured as to this last point, by hearing one say to the other, "A beautiful figure, by Jove!" in an audible whisper, just as they passed her. They then slackened their pace, and seemed determined that she should pass them again. She drew her veil closer and thicker over her face, and attempted to walk steadily by. She at first hoped and believed that they were no longer following, but soon again she heard them close behind, and talking in French to each other, evidently about her, though not so pointedly as to have been remarked by one ignorant of that language, which they no doubt supposed her to be. She could not bear the idea of being known, which she had no doubt would be the case, if she was traced to the bazaar; she therefore turned from it, sharp round a corner, in the direction of her own home, hurried her pace by degrees even to a run, and never looked behind till she reached her own door.

"When she made this sharp turn, Germain held her other pursuer back by the arm, saying, "No, this will never do; it will be too marked; besides, I am sure you are mistaken, and that we are a real annoyance to her."

"Admirably acted, that's all: and indeed so successfully, that even I feel my curiosity excited. Time was that the glimpse of a well-turned ankle, whether cased in silk or worsted, would have led me over half the stiles in the country; but one lives to learn, and experience has taught me this, that every woman who studiously conceals her face, has, depend upon it, derived from Dame Nature, very sufficient reasons for so doing. However, she is the best goer I ever saw—that I will say for her. I have a great mind to try whether she'll last."

"Stop! it's past eight o'clock, and you're not exactly in a hunting dress for such a wild-goose chase"—pointing to his Almack's costume of the evening before, in which they had played all night.

"That's very true—so good night to you, and good morning to her."

Helen meanwhile rushed up stairs to her own apartment, threw herself upon the sofa, crouching like a hunted hare; and whilst her heart beat violently against her breast, listened anxiously for the dreaded sounds of pursuit: and though a few minutes reassured her upon this point, in vain she attempted throughout the day to regain her accustomed composure.

Subsequently to the occurrence just related, Oakley visits his friend Germain:

"Since his reconciliation with Helen, he had begun to think that he had never been sufficiently indulgent to the natural defects in the character of his early friend, who, on his part, had always been very patient under the much more annoying faults to which Oakley himself was subject. He had met Germain, accidentally, the day before, and the first advances he had then made to a reconciliation, had been at once received with that cordiality which Germain's good-natured and placable disposition would have led one to expect. Oakley had felt much happier since this interview had taken place; and his present visit was intended, not only as a further peace-offering, but as an advance towards renewed intimacy."

"This amiable temper of mind was a little ruffled by finding Fitzalbert there. It is impossible to conceive any two men who had a more thorough dislike of each other. Fitzalbert, to be sure, on his side, was a pocrurante in every thing, and scarcely troubled his head about Oakley, when he was not, as he called it, oppressed with his presence; but it was observed that when that was the case, his jokes flowed less naturally, and there was more sharpness, and less ease in his conversation. Oakley had a thorough contempt for the character of Fitzalbert, joined to a certain dread of his satire, which did not the less exist, because he would never have acknowledged it, even to himself.

"Fitzalbert prepared to evacuate upon this irruption of his enemy. "Then you are not for tennis this morning, eh, Germain?" said he. A strange idea, at the instant, occurred to him, and he afterwards said that he could not account by what chain of thought it first struck his fancy. "By the by," he added, "do you remember that devilish fine girl we gave chase to yesterday morning—I always thought I had seen her before. Who do you think I really believe it was? You remember Helen Mordaunt, who used to live with Lady Latimer. It was stupid of me not to know her at once. There is no mistaking that air and figure when once seen. The light springy walk too! Nobody knew what had become of her. I always heard she was of a low family. Who knows but she may be very come-at-able?"

"This was said carelessly, and with no other object than to annoy Oakley; and with the view of watching its effect, he advanced towards the mirror over the chimney-piece, and whilst still speaking, and apparently examining Germain's dinner engagements, which stuck round the frame, he stole a glance in the glass. But the impending storm which he saw on Oakley's brow was so much more formidable and threatening than he had expected, that his retreat was like that of a man who has no objection to admire a tempest from a distance, but is not prepared unnecessarily to expose himself to its violence. He therefore wished Germain an abrupt good morning; at the same time, however, whistling "Di tanti palpiti," with the most successful precision."

Towards the conclusion of the tale, Oakley and Fitzalbert fight; the death of the first is affectingly described. Helen has sought the chamber of her lover:—

"A moment of irresolution and maiden modesty succeeded. "This is no time for such considerations," thought she. Endeavouring to gather strength for this great effort, she leant, in passing, against the back of an armchair, when, with freezing horror, she perceived that one side of it was wet with blood. Revolting from thence, her eye wandered unconsciously to the table, where the pistols had been carelessly thrown, and the whole dreadful catastrophe rushed at once upon her mind.

"When, by the exertion of the most extraordinary self command, she had so far recovered as to attempt entering Oakley's room, she beheld him stretched on the bed, his eyes half closed, his countenance, which was naturally pale, but little altered. She glided in so softly that he was not at first conscious of her entrance. She dropped gently on her knees by the side of his bed, and taking his hand in hers, bathed it with her tears.

"Helen, sweet Helen!" murmured Oakley, and words of comfort were rising to his lips;

but when he looked at the orphan girl, and recollecting that he was all in all to her, the half-formed phrase of consolation choked him, as he felt that such attempt would be a mockery to the desolation of her heart, and he could only feebly and indistinctly repeat: "Poor—poor Helen!"

"He never spoke more: and when Lord Latimer, a few minutes afterwards, entered the apartment, having in vain sought Helen elsewhere, he found her senseless on the dead body of her lover; and when returning consciousness brought a knowledge of the events that had blasted her happiness for ever, the distraction that followed, rendered her recovery from that death-like swoon, a thing which it was doubtful whether her friends durst rejoice at."

A History of France, with Conversations at the end of each Chapter. By Mrs. MARKHAM, author of the History of England. 2 vols. Post 8vo. London, 1828. Murray.

THIS is a graceful and welcome addition to our stock of juvenile literature, and supplied by a writer whose previous efforts of a similar nature, have procured her much honourable fame. Perspicuity, impartiality, and a most engaging freedom of style, peculiarly qualify this History of France for the instruction of the young. The conversations appended to the chapters, are well calculated to point out the distinguishing characteristics of each monarch, to explain the more remarkable occurrences, and trace the connecting chain of events running through every reign. In short, the whole arrangement appears to us equally capable of informing the mind, calling forth and giving a right direction to the judgment, and permanently impressing the memory of the student. We conclude with a brief example of the author's shrewd and pleasant manner:—

"Mrs. M. I forgot to mention in its proper place, the famous council of Constance, which, although it has no immediate connection with the history of France, is yet so important an event, that I ought not to have passed it over.

"Richard. Then will you be so good as to give us some account of it now.

"Mrs. M. I must go back to the year 1377, when Pope Gregory XI. removed the papal see from Avignon back to Rome. He died in the following year, and after his death there was a great schism amongst the cardinals, who could not agree in the choice of the new pontiff. Those who were in the interests of Rome wished to elect a pope who would remain at Rome; while, on the contrary, those who were in the interests of France, wished to bring back the papal see to Avignon.

"George. And which got the better?

"Mrs. M. I can scarcely tell you. As the two parties could not agree in naming the same pope, they both chose one of their own, so that there were two popes. This schism lasted forty years, and caused continual disturbances throughout Italy. At last, there were three popes all at one time, John XXIII., Gregory XII., and Benedict XIII. The Emperor Sigismond, who was very anxious to restore the peace of Italy, obliged John, much against his will, to summon a council at Constance, for the three purposes of terminating the schism, of reforming the church, and of extirpating heresy. This council met on the feast of All Saints,

1414, and the emperor compelled John to make a public declaration, that he would resign his dignity, provided his two rivals would do the same. John, however, had no intention of keeping his word, but he dissimulated for fear of the emperor, who kept him as a kind of prisoner. He now bitterly repented having come to Constance, and resolved to get away as soon as he could. But this, as the town was full of Sigismond's partisans, was no easy matter. At last, the duke of Austria, who was his friend, contrived to favour his escape, by proclaiming a tournament, during the bustle of which the pope got away in the disguise of a postilion.

"Mary. O! what a comical figure he must have made.

"Mrs. M. Particularly if he was dressed like the figure of a French postilion in the time of Charles VI. But to go on with my story. The emperor was very angry with the duke of Austria for assisting John in his escape; he laid him under the ban of the empire, and would forgive him only on condition that he gave up the fugitive pope. John was suspended from his pontifical powers, and imprisoned for about three years at Heidelberg, at the end of which time he was released on his consenting to acknowledge Martin V., who had been elected pope by the members of the council. Thus in 1417 an end was happily put to the schism which had so long embroiled Italy, and the more happily, because Martin was a peace-making good man.

"Richard. This council of Constance managed the affair of the schism very well. Pray, what was done in regard to heresy and the reformation of the church?

"Mrs. M. I believe nothing was done towards reforming the church; but the members of the council thought they did a great deal towards extirpating heresy by burning John Huss and Jerome of Prague, who were followers of the doctrines of Wickliffe. The death of Huss seemed the more shocking, because he had been induced to obey a summons to attend the council under promise of the emperor's protection; but when he came there, Sigismond withdrew his protection, and suffered him to be given up to his persecutors.

"Richard. And was Jerome of Prague betrayed in the same manner?

"Mrs. M. He had not been summoned to the council; but hearing of his friend's arrest, he came to Constance with a view to assist and comfort him. Being here intimidated by the violent spirit which he found raging against their opinions, he endeavoured to fly from the town; but he was overtaken and brought back in chains, and confined for nearly a year in a dark dungeon. He was then brought to trial, found guilty, and condemned to be burnt alive. Poggio Bracciolini, a learned Italian, who was present at his trial and death, has left us a very interesting account of his death in a letter to a friend.

"Richard. How I should like to see that letter!

"Mrs. M. You may read it in Mr. Shepherd's life of Poggio. In the meantime I can give you some extracts from it.

— "I must confess," says he, speaking of Jerome's appearance at his trial, "that I never saw any one who in pleading a cause, especially a cause on the issue of which his own life depended, approached nearer to that standard of ancient eloquence which we so much admire. It was astonishing to witness with what choice of words, with what closeness of

argument, he replied to his adversaries.—It is a wonderful instance of his memory, that though he had been confined three hundred and forty days in a dark dungeon, where it was impossible for him to read, and where he must have daily suffered from the utmost anxiety of mind, yet he quoted so many learned writers in defense of his opinions, and supported his sentiments by the authority of so many doctors of the church, that any one would have been led to believe that he had devoted all the time of his imprisonment to the peaceful and undisturbed study of philosophy. His voice was sweet, clear, and sonorous; his action dignified, and well adapted either to express indignation or to excite compassion, which, however, he neither wished nor asked for; he stood undaunted and intrepid, not merely contemptuous, but like another Cato, longed for death: he was a man worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance."

"When he arrived at the place of execution, he stripped himself of his garments, and knelt down before the stake, to which he was soon after tied by wet ropes and a chain; then great pieces of wood, intermixed with straw, were piled as high as his breast. When fire was set to the pile he began to sing a hymn, which was scarcely interrupted by the smoke and flame. I must not admit a striking instance, which shows the firmness of his mind. When the executioner was going to apply the fire behind him, that he might not see it, he said, "Come this way and kindle it in my sight; for, if I had been afraid of it, I should never have come to this place."

"George. I am very glad you remembered to tell us about the council of Constance, I should have been sorry not to have heard this letter.

"Mrs. M. I must not forget another very memorable event, the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, which took place in the year 1453. The empire of the East had been so much encroached upon by these overwhelming invaders, that at last it was reduced to little more than the city of Constantinople, which the Turks made many efforts to gain. But the city being well defended, and having a fine harbour, by which supplies could readily be introduced, held out successful during many attacks. At last, in the month of April, 1453, the sultan Mahomed II. brought an immense force to Constantinople, and blockaded it by sea and land. The emperor Constantine Paleologus, being full of youthful courage, was nothing daunted, and refused many offers from Mahomed to give up his city on reasonable terms. After some time a mutiny arose in the Turkish army, and the sultan found that the best way to pacify his soldiers was to lead them to the immediate assault of the city, with the promise that if they took it, it should be given up to plunder during three days. The next morning (May 29) as soon as it was daybreak, the Turks rushed to the walls, like so many beasts of prey. The Greeks defended themselves with the valour of desperation; but they were so much outnumbered by the assailants, (who as soon as one party of troops was slain could supply their places with others), that, overpowered by fatigue, they were at last obliged to give way. The Turks broke into the city; and I need not pain you with describing the scenes which followed during those dreadful three days of carnage and rapine. At the end of that time the sultan made his triumphant entry, and Constantinople has, as you know, ever since been the capital of the Turkish empire.

"George. I wonder all the Christian people in the world did not rise in a body and drive out those infidel Turks.

"Mrs. M. The capture of Constantinople, although a most calamitous event, was yet productive of some advantages to the rest of Europe.

"Richard. I cannot comprehend what good it could possibly do them.

"Mrs. M. The good it produced was by the settling in Italy, France, and other countries, of several learned men who fled from Constantinople, and engaged in teaching the Greek language, and many of the liberal sciences. The good effects of this increase of knowledge soon began to show itself by an increase of civilization and of humanity, amongst people who had till then been taught to consider cruelty as no crime, and ignorance as no misfortune.

"Mary. And pray, mamma, what became of the courageous young emperor?

"Mrs. M. It is not exactly known whether he was slain by the Turks, or squeezed to death by the press of people in trying to escape by one of the gates. Theodore Paleologus, a descendant of this family, found his way into Cornwall, and his tomb may still be seen in a village church near Callington."

Life in the West; or, the Curtain Drawn: a Novel. Dedicated, by permission, to Mr. Peel; containing Scenes, Observations, and Anecdotes of the last Importance to Families and Men of Rank, Fashion, and Fortune. Founded on Facts. By a FLAT ENLIGHTENED. 2 vols. pp. 637. London, 1828. C. Chapple.

THESE revelations of a flat enlightened will be found curious and explanatory in a very high degree; and will, we trust, be attended by advantages more tangible and permanent than the mere gratification of curiosity. We are not sanguine or chimerical enough in our anticipations of the good that may arise from this unreserved exposure, to believe that the branded criminals themselves will be speedily shamed into reform, or an atrocious system meet with less encouragement, because more generally understood and justly appreciated; but we do hope that, eventually, this registering of its demerits, and laying open of its frightful mysteries and appalling consequences, will abate the nuisance, if not utterly destroy it. It is intolerable that the propensity to defraud and plunder, should be matter of privilege and impunity in the higher classes, whilst even the amusements of the lower, taking what shape they may, are curtailed and interfered with in the most tyrannical and narrow spirit.

Life in the West having nothing to entitle it to literary pre-eminence, and being exceedingly meagre and uninteresting as a story, we shall confine ourselves to the facts which are scattered throughout the volumes. We will not take the writer's history of the progress of Crockford, because, however accurately the events of his strange career may be described, the whole story has been long and well known. The following quotation is from a scene entitled 'a hand at blind hookey,' and needs no other preliminary remark, than that Foppery is the dupe of the professional gentlemen with whom he has

been dining, and who, previous to his arrival, had made ample arrangements for the easy performance of their task:—

"By the time dinner was over, Foppery began to chatter, got into a 'divil-me-care' kind of humour, (as Friske afterwards expressed it), and his eyes began to sparkle, which were as anxiously watched by his friends to know the time when he would be ripe for 'bleeding,' as are the eyes of a poor calf, by a butcher, to ascertain to what extent the bleeding should go each time, before it is finally bled to death.

"The best judges, in scenes of this kind, usually ply a dupe with wine, till he is worked into a sportive, careless humour; under the influence of which, he will see the introduction of cards without suspicion; and then the wine is sent about, not sufficiently at once to completely 'sew him up,' but enough to bewilder and stupify his senses to that degree, that he cannot detect what is going forward.

"When the wine is in, the wit is out," so says the old adage, and a man under its influence, can be induced to do a many things, which, when sober, he would shudder at.

"During the progress of this hospitable entertainment, offers of kindness, of every nature, were made by all the parties, to the honourable gentleman. When either of them was absent for a moment, their good heartedness and amiable qualities were extolled upon with no sparing hand, till poor Foppery felt convinced, that he was in the company of the best fellows in existence. Foppery being at length properly 'sprung,' the wink passed round. Lord Hulse yawned, Welldone stretched himself, Friske then gave the 'cue.'

"Mr. Friske.—Come, come gentlemen, this won't do, bee J—s, you must not go to slape. What shall we do to kill time? Let us go to the play.

"Lord Hulse.—Gad, I'm quite sick of the theatre, I've had so much of it. 'Tis a d—d bore. Besides the weather is so hot, and I feel cursed lazy. There are three or four more bottles of claret and champagne in the coolers yet, you must not think of starting till they're drank.

"Mr. Friske.—Well then, suppose we have a game at cards, for amusement.

"Lord Hulse.—No, d—n it, I detest cards, and I don't like that any friend of mine should lose money at my table. But never mind, if you all like it. Would you like it, Georgy?"

"Hon. G. Foppery.—Foregad, I don't care for half an hour.

"Lord Hulse.—Friske, excuse me, will you do me the favour to ring the bell; I suppose Short can get cards. Short, let's have a new pack of cards.

"Short.—Very well, my lord, I'll send out for them immediately. (The hotel is never without them.)

"Lord Hulse.—Don't be long. I was sorry, George, to see you lose so heavy last night at Crockford's.

"Hon. G. F. D—n that 'French hazard,' I say, I never can win at it. I lost a thousand pound note, and twenty-two hundred I borrowed, for which I gave my check before I left.

"Lord Hulse.—The fairest game played, on which there can be no pull, is this,—the name of it I forget,—but you cut a pack of cards into whatever number of packs you like, but there must always be an odd pack, to decide whether you win or lose. Oh! here are the cards, now I can show you. See; I cut the cards, for instance, into seven packs. You are the banker, we'll say, and therefore a pack is

cut to you, from off one of the others. Those who like to bet, bet on any one pack, or on all the packs, what they like, that the bottom of each pack is higher than the one cut to you. You turn up your pack first, which we'll say is a ten. The other packs are then turned up. Well, you see there are four below a ten, and three above, you win upon four, and lose upon three; you, therefore, win one stake from all the better. If a king or an ace had been cut to you, and all the other packs were below it, you win upon the seven packs. When the last cut is lower than all the rest, you lose upon all, and are cut out, upon which the next person becomes the banker. Do you understand?

'Hon. G. Foppery.—Yes, pretty well.'

'Lord H.—Oh! its the fairest game played.'

'Captain Welldone.—Decidedly the fairest.'

'Mr. Friske, (pretending to speak thick.)— Bee the poors, there can be no chating. (Mr. Friske here made a quick change with the one pack for the other, with which Lord Hulse had previously provided him.) Lord Hulse commencing as banker.

'Lord Hulse.—Well, gentlemen, you must not bet high. Friske, cut for me.'

'Mr. Friske.—Tahn poonds on aich pack.'

'Lord H.—You commence too high, Friske.'

'Mr. Friske.—Five poonds on aich, then.'

'Captain Welldone.—Two poonds on each.'

'Hon. G. Foppery.—One poond on each.'

'Lord Hulse.—I have a queen. Turn up your packs; a three, seven, king, ace, ten, queen, knave. Upon all pairs you lose. You lose each five points and win two. Two from five leaves three. I score three points upon the balance. Keep an account, gentlemen.'

Friske £15 0

Welldone 6 0

Foppery 3 0

'Lord Hulse.—What is it to be this time?'

'Mr. Friske.—Tahn poonds upon aich.'

'Captain Welldone.—Five poonds.'

'Hon. G. Foppery.—Come, five poonds.'

'Lord Hulse.—Mine's a king. What are the others? Two, five, king, ten, ace, queen, knave. I win six points and lose one. Five points to me. When a king is cut to the bank double stakes are lost. That makes,

Friske £115 0

Welldone 56 0

Foppery 53 0

'Mr. Friske.—Bee St. Patrick, how unlucky!'

The wink was now given to Friske to cut Lord Hulse out. His lordship, of course, then lost part back. Captain Welldone then was banker, but cut out at once by Lord Hulse, and he lost to all three. Foppery was now pleased, as by this manœuvring he was made a winner, and became banker. Welldone cut him out immediately, and the cards came to Friske, who was also cut out. The cards then returned into the hands of Lord Hulse.

'Lord Hulse.—Well, gentlemen, there is no harm done yet; luck, you see, veers about; George is the only winner. I never saw the cards work so even.'

'Hon. G. Foppery.—(Hiccup.) It is a very fine game.'

'Lord Hulse, (in imitation of what the croupiers say at the hells,)—Makey our game, gentlemen.'

'Mr. Friske.—Twahnty poounds on aich.'

'Captain Welldone.—Ten pounds.'

'Hon. G. Foppery.—Twenty poonds all round.'

'Lord Hulse.—Cut, Friske. An ace. I vow. You need not turn up the packs, I must win upon all, and three times over, because it's an

ace. Seven times twenty are £140.; three times 140 are £420.'

Friske 115 and 420 is £535

Welldone .. 56 — 210 — 266

Foppery, we were clear, it is now 420.

'It would be a waste of time, and would become unintelligible, to dilate farther upon the variations of the game. Suffice it, that when Mr. Foppery's eyes began to blink, and every word to be prefaced by a "hiccup," from the heavy potations he had taken, it was thought advisable to give over play. The accounts then stood thus,

Mr. Friske owed to Lord Hulse .. £1780

to Hon. G. Foppery 430

to Capt. Welldone 942

Lord Hulse owed to Capt. Welldone 1300

Hon. G. Foppery owed to Lord Hulse 2375

to Capt. Welldone 750

'Lord Hulse, (pretending to be half-leas-over)—Friske, open—open—open, I say, another bottle of champagne. Come, George, (giving him a smart slap upon the shoulder,) don't go to sleep, man.'

'Hon. G. F.—What's the matter? (hiccup,) what's the matter? Oh! (hiccup), I'm very (hiccup) very drunk, (hiccup). What have (hiccup) I won?—what have I won? (hiccup)

'Mr. Friske.—I owe you £430., George. Short, bring a shate of paper, I'll give a check for what I've lost. Bad luck to it! I've lost full thray thoosand poonds.'

'Checks were then exchanged all round. After a parting glass, the Hon. G. Foppery took his departure reeling.'

'Mr. Friske closed the door. What the divil shall I do? I have not twahnty poonds at my banker's.'

'Lord Hulse.—I haven't much more. O! I tell you what do, be down at the opening of Drummond's, and get the 'ready' for Foppery's checks, and pay £500. into your own banker's to meet it. Depend upon it, Foppery won't think a word about your check till the middle of the day; he'll not be up before.'

'Captain Welldone.—Let's crack another bottle of wine over it. We managed Foppery to a miracle.'

'Mr. Friske.—He did not know whether he had won or lost. I wish we had put him down another thoosand.'

'The checks which had passed between Friske, Welldone, and Lord Hulse, were then destroyed. Lord Hulse lit a cigar with Friske's for £1780.'

'The next morning Friske did as his patron directed, and was at Short's to breakfast by twelve o'clock, according to appointment, where his lordship and Welldone were in waiting for him. Friske entered tuning "O! whack, Judy O'Flannigin," by which they knew all was right, and without farther delay they proceeded to business. Lord Hulse was accountant.

Foppery's check to Lord Hulse £2375

Ditto ditto to Captain Welldone .. 750

Difference between Friske's check to Foppery and the £500. paid into his banker's..... 70

£3195

From which deduct—

Paid into Friske's banker's .. £500

Short's bill for dinner, &c. .. 25

A present to Short 200

£725

To be divided into three equal parts.. 3)2470

Each..... £823 6 8

'The division being made, and the money "welled," Lord Hulse rang the bell, which was answered by Short, full of expectation.'

'Lord Hulse.—Short, here's twenty-five pounds for your bill, and a present of two hundred. We did not do much.'

'Short.—This won't do, my lord, I must come in for my full whack. To risk the reputation of my hotel, (Lord Hulse, Welldone, and Friske laugbed heartily,) for such a trifle. I saw one check drawn for upwards of £2000. (Short had cunningly remained in a corner of the room unobserved, while the checks were passing.)

'Lord Hulse.—Nonsense, Short; you don't have another 'mag'; Mr. Friske lost to our friend, which he was obliged to meet. We only "drew" him of about £1300. altogether. You come off d—d well, Short, so be content, or we shall shift our scene of action another time.'

'Short pocketed the money, grumbling to himself, and left the room. He soon after returned with the running accounts of each, and requested payment, which could not be refused.'

'Two days after this event, Friske was seen riding a "blood," with a servant behind him; Captain Welldone driving a good "turn out" of a stanhope; and Lord Hulse a "heavy drag" with a pair of "grays." Thus they appeared, in no time, upon the "high Toby," upon the grand look-out for fresh flats.'

'Nothing could convince Foppery that he was *done*, for when the transaction was a little talked about, and certain hints thrown out respecting the character of the parties, he turned a deaf ear, exclaiming, "I never spent a more delightful evening in my life."

One scene from a work of this nature, which must be inevitably read by every body, is as good as a hundred; and this, which sufficiently proves the author's intimate acquaintance with the intrigues he has undertaken to expose, will induce our readers to examine for themselves the mass of information to be met with in these pages.

LANZI'S HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY.

(Continued from page 770.)

A REGULAR analysis of a work of such extensive research and close investigation as Lanzi's History of Painting, would of itself form a tolerably thick volume. The reviewer must, therefore, content himself with extracting such particular portions as appear most replete in interest and valuable information. In pursuing this plan, we cannot, we think, do better than continue our quotations from that early era of the art which has hitherto been enveloped in such obscurity, and which the author of these volumes has explored with so much zeal and success.

It has been asserted by Vasari, and it has long been the general opinion, that at the birth of Cimabue, the fine arts were utterly extinct in Italy. About the middle of the thirteenth century, the Florentine senate is said to have invited some Greek painters into Italy, of whom Cimabue was the earliest pupil. From this artist, then, has usually been dated the regeneration of Italian art, but it will be seen that this is a theory which Lanzi is not inclined to adopt:

'The city of Pisa, at this time, had not only painters, but a school for each of the fine arts. The distinguished Signor Morrona, who has illustrated the Pisan antiquities, deduces its ori-

gin immediately from Greece. The Pisans, already very powerful by sea and land, having resolved, in 1063, to erect the vast fabric of their cathedral, had drawn thither artists in miniature, and other painters, at the same time, with Buschetto the architect, and these men educated pupils for the city. The Greeks, at that time, were but ill qualified to instruct, for they knew little. Their first pupils in Pisa seem to have been a few anonymous artists, some of whose miniatures and rude paintings are still in existence. A parchment, containing the *exultet*, as usually sung on Sabbath Santo, is in the cathedral, and we may here and there observe, painted on it, figures in miniature, with plants and animals: it is a relique of the early part of the twelfth century, yet a specimen of art not altogether barbarous. There are, likewise, some other paintings of that century in the same cathedral, containing figures of our lady, with the holy infant on her right arm: they are rude, but the progress of the same school may be traced from them to the time of Giunta. This artist lately received a fine eulogium, among other illustrious Pisans, from Signor Tempesta, and he was fully entitled to it from the more early historians. His country possesses none of his undoubted pictures, except a crucifixion with his name, which is believed to be among his earliest productions, a print from which may be found in the third volume of *Pisa Illustrata*. He executed better pictures in Assisi, where he was invited to paint by Frat' Elia di Cortona, superior of the Minor, about the year 1230. From thence we are furnished with notices of his education, which is thus described by P. Angeli, the historian of that cathedral: "Juncta Pisanus ruditer à Græcis instructus, primus ex Italis, artem apprehendit circa An. Sal. 1210." In the church of the Angioli there is a better preserved work of the same master; it is a crucifixion, painted on a wooden cross; on the lateral edges and upper surface of which our lady is represented, with two other half-length figures, and underneath the remains of an inscription are legible, which, having copied on the spot, I do not hesitate to publish with its deficiencies now supplied:—

** JUNTA PISANUS*

Irontini me fecit.

I supply Junta, because Signor da Morrona asserts that, about this time, a Giunta da Giuntino is mentioned in the records of Pisa, whom, by the aid of the Assisi inscription, I conjecture to be the painter we have now under notice. The figures are considerably less than life; the design is dry; the fingers excessively long, but these are *ritia non hominum sed temporum*; in short, this piece shows a knowledge of the naked figure, an expression of pain in the heads, and a disposition of the drapery, greatly superior to the efforts of the Greeks, his contemporaries. The handling of his colours is strong, although the flesh inclines to that of bronze; the local tints are judiciously varied, the chiaroscuro even shows some art, and the whole is not inferior, except in the proportions, to crucifixions with similar half figures usually ascribed to Cimabue. He painted, at Assisi, another crucifixion, which is now lost, to which may be added, a portrait of Frat' Elia, with this inscription, "F. Helias fecit tieri. Jesu Christe pie miserere precantis Heliæ. Juncta Pisanus me pinxit, An. D. 1236. Indit IX." The inscription has been preserved by P. Wadingo, in his Annals of the Franciscan order for that year, and the historian describes the crucifixion as *affabre pictum*. The

fresco works of Giunta were executed in the great church of the Franciscans, and, according to Vasari, he was there assisted by certain Greeks. Some busts and history pieces still remain in the gallery and the contiguous chapels, among which is the crucifixion of San Pietro, noticed in the Etruria Pittrice. Some believe that those paintings have been here and there injudiciously retouched, and this may serve to excuse the drawing, which may have been altered in many places, but the feebleness of the colouring cannot be denied. When they are compared with what Cimabue executed there about forty years afterwards, it seems that Giunta was not sufficiently forcible in this species of painting; perhaps he might have improved, but he is not mentioned after 1235; and it is conjectured that he died while yet a young man, at a distance from his native country. I am induced to believe so from observing, that Giunta di Giuntino is noticed in the records of Pisa, in the early part of that century, but not afterwards; and that Cimabue was sent for to paint the altar-piece and portrait of San Francesco of Pisa, about the year 1265, before he went to Assisi. It is more likely that Giunta would have executed this, had he returned home from that city, where he had seen, and perhaps painted the portrait of the holy father.

From this school the art is believed to have spread in these early times over all Tuscany, although it must not be forgotten that there were miniature painters there as well as in the other parts of Italy, who, transferring their art from small to large works, like Franco of Bologna, betook themselves, and incited others to painting on walls and on panel. Whatever we may chose to believe, Siena, at this period, could boast her Guido, who painted, from the year 1221, but not entirely in the manner of the Greeks, as we shall find under the Siennese school. Lucca possessed, in 1235, one Bonaventura Berlingieri. A San Francesco painted by him still exists in the castle of Guiglia, not far from Modena, which is described as a work of great merit for that age. There lived another artist about the year 1288, known by his production of a crucifixion which he left at San Cerbone, a short distance from the city, with this inscription; "Deodatus filius Orlandi de Luca me pinxit, A. D. 1288." Margaritone of Arezzo was a disciple and imitator of the Greeks, and, by all accounts, he must have been born several years before Cimabue. He painted on canvas, and if we may credit Vasari, made the first discovery of a method of rendering his pictures more durable, and less liable to cracking. He extended canvas on the panel, laying it down with a strong glue, made of shreds of parchment, and covered the whole with a ground of gypsum, before he began to paint. He formed diadems and other ornaments of plaster, giving them relief from gilding and burnishing them. Some of his crucifixions remain in Arezzo, and one of them is in the church of the Holy Cross at Florence, near another by Cimabue; both are in the old manner, and not so different in point of merit, but that Margaritone, however rude, may be pronounced as well entitled as Cimabue to the name of painter.

While the neighbouring cities had made approaches towards the new style, Florence, if we are to credit Vasari and his followers, was without a painter; but, subsequent to the year 1250, some Greek painters were invited to Florence by the rulers of the city, for the express purpose of restoring the art of painting in Flo-

rence, where it was rather wholly lost than degenerated. To this assertion I have to oppose the learned dissertation of Doctor Lami, which I have just commended. Lami observes, that mention is made in the archives of the chapters of one Bartolommeo, who painted, in 1236, and that the picture of the Annunciation of our Lady, which is held in the highest veneration in the church of the Servi, was painted about that period. It is retouched in some parts of the drapery; it possesses, however, much originality, and for that age is respectably executed. When I prepared my first edition, I had no knowledge of the work of Lami, which was not then published, and hence was unable to proceed further than to refute the opinion of those who ascribed this sacred figure to Cavallini, a pupil of Giotto, I reflected that the style of Cavallini appeared considerably more modern in his other works, which I had examined at Assisi, and at Florence; yet, various artists whom I consulted, and among others, Signor Pacini, who had copied the Annunciation, disputed with me this diversity of style. I further adduced the form of the characters written there in a book, *Ecce "Virgo concipiet," &c.* which resemble those of the thirteenth century; nor have they that profusion of lines which distinguishes the German, commonly denominated the Gothic character, which Cavallini and other pupils of Giotto always employed. I rejoice that the opinion of Lami confirms my conjecture, and stamps its authenticity; and it seems to me highly probable that the Bartolommeo, whom he indicates, is the individual to whom the memorandums of the Servi ascribe the production of their Annunciation about the year 1250. The same religious fraternity preserve, among their ancient paintings, a Magdalén, which appears, from the design and inscription, a work of the thirteenth century; and we might instance several coeval pictures that still exist in their Chapter House, and in other parts of the city.

Having inserted these notices of ancient painters, and some others, which will be found scattered throughout the work, I turn to Vasari, and to the accusations laid to his charge. He is defended by Monsignor Bottari, in a note at the conclusion of the Life of Margaritone, taken from Baldinucci. He affirms, from his own observation, "That though each city had some painters, they were all as contemptible and barbarous as Margaritone, who, if compared to Cimabue, is unworthy of the name of painter." The examples already cited do not permit me to assent to this proposition; even Bottari himself will scarcely allow me to do so, as he observes, in another note on the Life of Cimabue, "That he was the first who abandoned the manner of the Greeks, or at least who avoided it more completely than any other artist." But if others, such as Guido, Bonaventura, and Giunta, had freed themselves from it before his time, why are they not recorded as the first, in point of time, by Vasari? Did not their example open the new path to Cimabue? Did they not afford a ray of light to reviving art? Were they not in painting what the two Guidos were in poetry, who, however, much surpassed by Dante, are entitled to the first place in a history of our poets? Vasari would, therefore, have acted better, had he followed the example of Pliny, who commences with the rude designers, Ardices of Corinth, and Telephanes of Sicyon; he then minutely narrates the invention of Cleophaetes the Corinthian, who coloured his designs with burnt earth; next, that

of Eumarus the Athenian, who first represented the distinction of age and sex. Then comes that of Cimon of Cleonæ, who first expressed the various attitudes of the head, and aimed at representing the truth, even in the joints of the fingers and the folds of the garments. Thus, the merits of each city, and every artist, appear in ancient history; and it seems to me just, that the same should be done, as far as possible, in modern history. These observations may, at present, suffice, in regard to a subject that has been made a source of complaint, and dispute among many writers.

'Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that there is no city to which painting is more indebted than to Florence, nor any name more proper to mark an epoch, whatever may be the opinion of Padre della Valle, than that of Cimabue. The artists whom I have before mentioned had few followers; their schools, with the exception of that of Siena, languished, and were either gradually dispersed, or united themselves to that of Florence. This school, in a short time, eclipsed every other, and has continued to flourish in a proud succession of artists, uninterrupted even down to our own days.'

The Posthumous Papers, Facetious and Fanciful, of a Person lately about Town. Post 8vo. pp. 314. London, 1828. Sams.

A COLLECTION of tales, sketches of character, and pictures of town and country, some of which we have met with before, and all of which are entitled to a liberal share of commendation. Many of the papers are characterised by shrewd and agreeable humour, whilst in others are manifested the higher qualities of pathos and imagination. Among the former, 'the awkward man,' 'the humorous man,' and 'a chapter on pigs,' are our chief favourites, and of the latter, we prefer 'Italian brothers.' We extract, as an example of the author's 'facetious' powers, the first of the 'Town and Country Pictures,' entitled 'a Winter Day':—

"When icicles hang by the wall," and Englishmen (according to French writers) hang by the neck in all parks and places of amusement;—"When Dick, the shepherd, blows his nails," and his namesake, "the lamp-lighter," blows that torch in again, which Boreas had mischievously blown out; and some Attic wit, or wit in the attic, (who has been "riding the whirlwind," but not "directing the storm," or wandering throughout the day with his Philadelphia, by "tinkling rills," through bowers of Araby, or picking the devilled leg of a bee with the dainty-appetited Titania,) descends from the hackney-chariot of his imagination, like a lesser Phaeton, and condescends to blow a very Stonehenge of slates, which he calls a fire, with a pair of asthmatical bellows, whose breath might not disturb "the thistle-down from where it sometime fell;"—"When milk comes frozen home in pails," and kittens, who are neither so wise as cats, nor so analyzing as chemists, look green sickly at the "white wonder," and dip their inadequate and unlikely paws into the usual milk pots, and bob their cold noses against the unusual ice at the bottom, and wonder that their unbarbered whiskers are not tipped with their wonted whiteness;—"When coughing drowns the parson's saw," and sneezing fills up the intervals of all polite conversations, or makes them;—"when Marian's nose looks red and raw," and her lover's as blue as an unboiled lobster;—when a cho-

leric man prefers pocketing an affront to pulling noses and chiblaining his fingers; and puppies, presuming on this, assume a proportionate degree of pugnacity;—when even the hand of Friendship is cold as the hand of Chastity, and the feel of his fingers and thumbs, when one grasps them for a friendly shake, is like a shake out of tune, very disagreeable to one's sensations, and as chilling as if one had clutched four full-grown radishes, and one stumpy abortion; and a squeeze in reply, is as if crabbed Cancer, cold and wet from a visit to Aquarius, had caught hold of one's hand in his particular grasping manner;—when the rain-clouds convince you of a suspicion you have for some time entertained, that they have contracted to supply the Grand Junction Company with water at — per cloudfull; and hypochondriacs of the Tate Wilkinson water, turn up their eyes, and look through the spungy air at the sky, something after the manner in which a drake looks about him ere he waddles abroad, and miserably imagine themselves at the bottom of a vast river, irriguously wriggling their way through mud and mire, like eels in an ecstasy;—when lobby-loungers seem to call a coach, and the instant they are likely to get one, walk home, or sloppy nights, in pumps, whose soles may very properly be termed *suckers*; and some persons, who would blow hot as Tartarus if you did not call them gentlemen, (though their *gentlemanly* is certainly very apocryphal) while a coach is to be hired on this side heaven, for the salvation of a pair of paltry shillings, suffer delicate women, thinly and beautifully clad, (with no other covering from the rain and the wind, than a handkerchief for their heads, a veil, "thin as the lawn of Cos," for their shoulders, and kid-slipper) to walk westward and eastward, "through the wind and the rain;"—when hackney-coachmen are most insolent and overcharging; and link-boys are most civil, graciously creating all and every the Smiths and Simsons who cross their way "lords" and "dukes," more especially if they promptly pay into his majesty the sweeper's treasury the usual pennies for their patents, and Mrs. Simpson, that may be perks up her head so high at the dignity conferred on her lord elect, Mr. Simpson that is, that at the moment she is dreaming of making what is termed "a splash in the world," she makes only an unfortunate plunge in the kennel;—when teeth are very apt to chatter, though they have nothing to talk about; and old ladies of fashion, who are indebted to Rusini for all the teeth they have, affect a tooth-ache, though they have it not;—when gentlemen who wear wigs under their hats go over bridges of low parapets, with cold shuddering anticipations of "scudding before the wind under bare poles;" and younger gentlemen, who a moment before wore Dando hats on one side their heads, very often wonder on which side the water the said hats may be picked up, and cannot console themselves that they are warranted waterproof;—When Eurus seems to pique himself on his skill in cutting your cheeks with an air; and bullying Boreas "whistles without," (perhaps "for want of thought,") and the parlour solitary within, seated by the fire, doubts awhile whether it is not Timotheus Tomkins, her neighbour's anacreontic footman, whistling through the area-railings to Jeannetta Jenkins, her own maid of "all work" and a considerable deal of idleness;—when antique spinsters start at hearing the shutters rattle, and dubitate whether it is the burglarious wind that tries if they are fast, or the anti-burglarious and never-

so-careful-as-about-Christmas watchman, and then recollecting the last murder they read of in the pocket "Newgate Calendar, or Post-Chaise Companion," with one or two added or improved circumstances of horror which its polite editor never narrated, dread to sit up and dread to go to bed;—"When the sear and yellow" leaves dance one and all the "dance of death," and in select parties waltz to the whistling of Eurus—or swing corners in a country dance to the piping of Auster—or eddy in a whirling reel to the chaunter of "Dainty Davie" Boreas;—when Dan November cannot grope his way through the blind alleys and dark lanes of our enlightened city, for the fog of his own breath; and Dan December, like Dan Apollo, has a cold partiality for *rime* in the morning;—when tender-hearted old gentlemen, who are short-sighted, considerately give away their elderly stockings to beggars who wear wooden legs; and my Lapland-hearted friend, the philanthropic Sir Cautious Precipitate, (who is always going about doing good, but never does it,) talks, in his charitable way, of supplying the poor with toothpicks gratis during the winter months;—when the Middlesex coroner's place is least a sinecure, and hypochondriacs, tired of hanging up their hats as usual on the usual pegs, hang up their unusual heads;—"When 'tis night and the mid-watch is come," and some dog who has neither "a local habitation," nor "a name," follows the late Mr. Jones to his home, and enters there *sans invitation*, and is, *sans ceremonie*, kicked out again quite *extempore*, and partly in spite, partly in chagrin, howls under the windows "from night till morn;" and Mis. Patience Perkins, Mr. Jones's fat-fair-and-fortyish housekeeper, "overlays herself" exactly three minutes and ten seconds beyond her usual matin-hour of six, descends out of humour, and discovers proof-impressions of four feet "from nature," and vows every possible vengeance of mops, brooms, and fire-irons upon all dogs who shall in like manner trespass—a high state of exasperation, that vents itself in the collected force of a dishclout hurled at the astonished head of harmless Tray, the butcher's cur, before he hath taken any steps to incur this mitigated penalty, not of the offended law, but the offended Patience Perkins;—when cats, in a select circle, squat on the warm stones over bakers' ovens, holding midnight *converzatione* somewhat after the manner of the Italian *recitatio*; and Mr. Singlebed, the bachelor, winks in vain at coquettish Sleep, who stares in astonishment at his old-beauish vanity, that she who hath refused but yesterday to bed with a king, should be expected to condescend to lie with "sour austerity,"—coy sleep, who will lie with love, but not with Messieurs Gout, Cholic, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Asthma, Restlessness, Bad-conscience, Care, or any one of their amiable cousins and cousins-german;—When

The watchman's loud snore breaks the peace that he keeps;
And the lord-(like the night)-mayor on a full belly sleeps;

When hearts which are not wholly selfish, lie awake in their warm beds, and hear the midnight war of the elements, and compassionate those who "go down to the deep, and do business on the great waters;" and think of the houseless and bedless wretches who rot at rich men's doors, and resolve on some act of charity for the morning;—when even *caerry-hearted* worldlings have intermittent indications of humanity, though they go off with "the coming light;" and *overseers* (properly so called, for

they are generally *overlookers*) of the poor, have one qualm of conscience which deters them till daylight from indulging in the sleepless expectations of "Dinner which is to be on table at four to-morrow," at the expense of four hundred paupers they yesterday refused a shilling to;—When certain unfortunates, who have the organ of *amazement* very much at their tongue's ends, silently but touchingly convince the hearts which pity them that they are not quite so happy in clogs and satins at midnight, as they once were in stuffs and patterns at midday;—When these several things come to pass, of life's most genial enjoyments, give me to bask before a sunny fire, in a room too small for little minds, but quite large enough for great ones, with at least two feet in one pair of red morocco slippers, cocked on a fender of a fair altitude, the soles browning with a burning heat, till they are so baked that one is glad to slip one's toes out of them, after thoroughly convincing them that they were neither formed for the old fiery ordeal of footing it over causeways of red-hot iron, nor for competing with Signora Giraldelli, the gulper of molten lead, and other "hellish broths" which Mrs. Glasse hath left us no recipe for. It is then, I opine, "daintie pleasaunte," tossed back in a chair of four legs, tilted to an equilibrium on two, your feet once more on the fender, to loll, motionless, and almost conscious of unconsciousness—now dreamily remembering the thoughts and feelings of comfort of younger winter-fireside evenings; and now, with "lack-lustre eyes," poring on the brighter coals, which glow like the face of Exercise, pleasing the imagination with those likenesses of things which minds of any heat may discern in the ever-changing aspect of a winter fire. Pleasant, too, it is to be roused from a reverie, by the accustomed "Prudence Baldwin, my maid," who comes in with the candles, and goes out with the coal-scuttle. Pleasant it is to listen to the hum of distant music; or the far roar and stir of the Babel town, wafted, with monotonous repetitions, down the wide, warm chimney, to Meditation's drowsy ear. Pleasant it is to hear the rain patter at the windows, and the winds, who will be "howling at all hours," beating and flapping their wings without, yet nothing disturbing the comfort and serenity within. Pleasant it is, about the muffin-time of evening, to be startled from this delicious moment of musing (for Meditation then may "think down hours to moments, and Learning wiser grow without his books,") by a rap at our door (as well known as some old familiar tune,) that announces the arrival of some treasured friends, who come freighted with the honey of literary toil,

Like to the merchant bees,
After a venture far as the Hesperides.'

Pleasant, then, are the usual number of "How d'ye do-s?" and an equal number of "Never so well-s," and inquiries after the Smiths and the Joneses. Pleasant are the infinite rubbings of hands, and the warmings within and without the same; and the declarations of the utter impossibility of getting a coach. And after hats, umbrellas, great coats, paraboues, &c. are disposed in order due, pleasant it is to jerk the parlour-bell with that warm and friendly haste which almost jerks it down, and to give command that the "bubbling and loud-hissing urn" be brought up; and pleasant is the fragrance of the tea, that "cheers but not inebriates," steaming up like incense offered to the domestic *lares*; but neither the silent *entrée* of "Prudence Baldwin, my maid," stealing in,

like the moon, "with all her light;" nor call of welcome friends at the muffin-time of evening; nor the uncertain Johnsonian number of cups of the best Twining souchong without sugar, without health, are sweet.'

There are several clever illustrations, in which the artist (Mr. W. Heath,) has done justice to the spirited conceptions of the author.

Essays, &c. By M. FREDERIC DEGEORGE.

The Essays now before us, consist of several articles which have appeared separately in various distinguished periodicals, and are not destined for public circulation in their present form; a glance at the simple and modest preface which precedes them, informs us at once of their object. The author, M. Frederic Degeorge, who is a contributor to some of the best literary journals, both of London and Paris, now appears as a candidate for the professorship of French literature in the London University. The question naturally arises, what are his claims for aspiring to so honourable a dignity? The answer is to be found in these Essays. If it be required that the French professor should possess a profound knowledge of the great writers of his country and a lively sense of their beauties, together with the delicate tact of at once pointing out their inequalities and marking their perfections,—we refer his judges to the chapter entitled, French Lyric and Elegiac Poets of the Nineteenth Century. If, in addition to the preceding qualities, the professor be required to have directed his studies towards history in a philosophical point of view, embracing at once the exactions of the law, and the abuse of facts, with a sincere and ardent love for those great principles of eternal justice, which can never be trampled under foot without falling into anarchy and slavery,—the article styled A Sketch of the French Revolution will, we think, conciliate for the author both approbation and esteem. Finally, should it appear indispensable that a candidate for so important and honourable a post, should possess a mind habituated to exercise itself in various branches of human knowledge, stored with the beauties of foreign literature, and capable of admiring them without false enthusiasm, and of judging them with candour and sincerity, we can point with pleasure to the Analysis of the work of Don Maury upon Spanish Literature.

The learned and distinguished judges who will have to decide upon the merits of the different candidates, must be well aware of the varied knowledge and constant study that is required in the editorship of literary journals; we shall not therefore continue to point out how far the pieces we have cited are calculated to procure for the author the esteem of all enlightened minds. We are not, on this occasion, to be his judges, since his Essays are not collected for public inspection; neither are we commissioned to be his advocates, though we frankly avow it is a task that we would gladly undertake. If, however, we have nothing to do with his literary merits, we at least have a right to express our unreserved opinion of the moral portion of

his work. The noble sentiments, and general love of propriety, which shine throughout these compositions, deserve the sincere eulogiums of just and generous minds. The author explains in his preface the causes which have hitherto prevented his devoting himself to some more important literary composition. The explanation does not appear to us necessary, for we cannot consider it indispensable that a candidate should present his judges with a treatise, *ex professo*, upon the matters which are to form the subjects of his lessons. Our opinion on this head is strengthened by the remembrance that when the venerable Rollin, the famous Hugh Blair, the courageous Laya, and the witty Andrieux, were called to the honour of initiating their young fellow-citizens into the sanctuary of the muses, the first had not then written his *Traité des Etudes*, the second had not published his Lectures on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres, the oral lessons of the third had not been collected, and the luminous Theories of the good and worthy Professor of the College of France had not extended beyond the circle of his own beloved pupils.

The Christmas Box; an Annual Present for Children. Edited by T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq. F. S. A. pp. 245. London, 1828. Ainsworth.

THE title of this little work, and the high literary names attached to it, led us to expect much amusing, and, at the same time, instructive information for our juvenile friends. We are therefore disappointed in finding, mixed up with a few good articles, much that any parent or instructor would studiously avoid putting into the hands of children. Fairy tales, if properly explained, may be made to convey a pleasing moral to the infant mind, and there is one pretty little specimen of this sort in the work before us: but stories of enchantment related in language by no means refined, and devoid of all moral; silly fables; accounts of apparitions, and relations of improbable adventures, have been so completely banished from our nurseries and school-rooms by the exertions of such writers as Barbauld, Aikin, Edgeworth, &c. that we are not a little surprised, and we may add grieved, to find them in the Christmas Box for 1828. An annual for children we consider a desideratum in literature, and we trust that the persons most interested in the success of the present one, will profit by experience and the advice of their friends to render their next volume more suitable to those for whom it is intended. Let them select such articles as the Balloon, Impossibilities, the Fairy and Peach Tree, a Voyage to New Holland, and Display; and avoid all that bear any similitude to the Elephant and the Giraffe, the Wedding Feast, the French Nurse, the Seven Mice, the Enchanted Ass, Sir Lionel and the Giant, and even the far-famed battle of the Frogs and the Mice. Let them, moreover, engage writers more accustomed to write for the younger branches of the community, and we predict that the Christmas Box for 1829 will then be more eagerly sought after by judicious parents, for its intrinsic worth, than

this one may perhaps be by those for whom it is intended, on account of its outward attractions.

Panorama of Falmouth: being a Complete Guide to the Harbour, Town, and surrounding Country. With Lithographic Views. Falmouth, J. Philp; London, Longman and Co. 1827.

The Selector; or, Cornish Magazine. Same Publishers.

At no very remote period, Cornwall was remarkable for three distinguished characteristics: for the beauty of her females, for the prowess of her wrestlers, and for the backward state of her literature. That she deserves to retain her celebrity on the first account, we have had ocular demonstration; that she also should retain it on the second, we are quite willing to believe without any demonstration at all, but we should be guilty of injustice were we to affirm, that while all the rest of the civilized world has joined in the 'march of intellect,' Cornwall alone has been sitting idle in her chimney nook. That she is not likely to retrograde to her former state, we think we may very safely assert, seeing that through the exertions of Mr. Philp, the very respectable and spirited publisher of Falmouth, she has at length been enabled to launch a magazine. The worth of periodical publications cannot, we think, be too highly appreciated; they are the very life-breezes of literature, and carry knowledge and health to the mind, where ignorance and superstition would else flourish to eternity. Of the Selector we have only seen the first volume, but we believe the second also is nearly concluded. It is a very pretty and cheap selection from our popular works and periodicals, with some meritorious original contributions. In the poetical department, we notice the name of Miss Sybella E. Hatfield, a native poetess who has occasionally appeared in some of our annuals.

The Panorama of Falmouth is a very complete work of its kind. It affords the reader much interesting historical information and statistical detail, and is in fact what it professes to be, a Complete Guide to the Harbour, Town, and surrounding Counties. It is further embellished with several very prettily drawn lithographic views (to the correctness of which we can bear testimony, having ourselves visited several of the places)—and a map. It is dedicated to the parliamentary representatives of the county, and is officially patronized by the Duke of Clarence.

Bingley's Introduction to Botany, illustrated by References under each Definition to Plants of easy Access, comprising also a Glossary of Botanic Terms. Adapted to the Use of Students. By JOHN FROST, F. L. S., F. H. S., &c. London, 1827. Baldwin and Co.

An Oration delivered before the Medico-Botanical Society of London. By JOHN FROST, F. A. S. &c. 4to. London, 1827. Treuttel and Co.

The former of these works was originally written by the late Rev. Mr. Bingley; it is with pleasure we perceive a new edition, by

Mr. Frost, who, with a brief history, has added some valuable introductory remarks on the study of this interesting science, wisely adopting the Linnean method of classification instead of De Jussieu's. It is intended as a prelude to those works written by Sir James Edward Smith. The plates accompanying it, containing illustrations of plants familiar to the general reader; we therefore recommend a perusal of this useful work to the admirers of this interesting science.

The Oration was delivered by Mr. Frost, on the 12th of October, at the commencement of the eighth sessions of the Medico-Botanical Society of London, with some valuable remarks on the study of medical botany, and pointing out the neglect with which this department of science is treated by the Worshipful Company of Apothecaries, and, consequently, by medical students; while, at the universities of Edinburgh and on the Continent, they are obliged to produce, before the examiners, testimonials of actual attendance on botanical lectures. Sir James M'Grigor, the president of the society, has enacted similar regulations at the Army Medical Board and at the Marischal College, Aberdeen, of which he is lord rector. A valuable paper is appended by way of note, by Sir Anthony Carlisle, on this subject; the objects for which the society was formed, are materially aided by the correspondence with some of the most celebrated botanists abroad, by whose means the virtues of many plants have been discovered and made public. It is the intention of the society to have two courses of lectures on botany and toxicology delivered annually by their respective professors, independent of the usual meetings; this judicious arrangement, however, will not be carried into effect until next year, when the library and herbarium will be open for the use of the members. The Oration is worthy of attentive perusal. We must not omit to state (in justice to the author) that it has been printed by order of the society.

The Country Minister, a Poem, in Seven Cantos, with additional Poems. 2nd Edit.

By J. BRETELL. 1827. Whittaker. HAVING already recorded our approbation of a portion of "the Country Minister," we have now only to extend to the whole poem that praise which we then felt justified in awarding to a part. Simplicity and feeling are the characteristics of the author; and as the public taste is returning to a just appreciation of these qualities, we cannot doubt that the practical ability of Mr. Brettell will be fairly estimated.

We are informed that Mr. Brettell is preparing a series of poetical sketches from the historical books of the Old Testament, a task for which we consider him well qualified, and for the completion of which every reader of 'The Country Minister' will look forward with solicitude.

Essays on the Human Intellect, as constructed by God, and on our Saviour, considered in his Character of Man. By PAUL FERROL, 12mo. pp. 170. London, 1827. Rodwell. THESE essays are distinguished by much devotional, philosophical, and literary feeling,

and to those who have a taste for the matters discussed, they will doubtless be extremely acceptable. One of the chief objects of the writer is to show that, in our future existence, the powers and feelings which expand in active and social life, will be called into more refined and extensive action, and form the principal sources of pure and lasting happiness. This hypothesis is ingeniously maintained, and the writer derives illustrations in support of it not only from primal qualities of the human mind—morality, intellect, and affection.—but from the speculations of metaphysicians, and the discoveries of practical philosophers.

ORIGINAL.

LINES,

On Reading one of Burns's Epistles.

ADDRESSED TO JAMES SMITH.

I've met a spirit-stirring strain,
All heart-inscribed on friendship's pain,

Its charms to you I'll no maintain,

Ye ken them weel,
And sure he has nor heart nor brain,

Wha' does na' feel.

Oh! let my humble voice aspire,
To laud the man, the bard admire,
To idolize the heavenly fire

Which burns sae brightly,
Exalting all the tuneful choir,
Sublime or sprightly.

Oh! for the wild enthusiast dream,
To revel in poetic stream,
And catch from thy bright fount a gleam
Of nature's sparkling,

'How weary, flat, and stale,' would seem
This poor world's darkling.

Well hath thy soul here marshall'd forth
Castalia's impress on thy birth,
To dew the eye—excite the laugh—

The muses made ye.

Wouldst drown in tears? wouldst rave in mirth?
Each line will aid ye.

Thy sensibility's soft flow,
Thy indignation's ardent glow,
Thy grand control o'er all we know,

Or all we feel,
Still storms the breast, or high or low,
Or stone or steel

Thy heart array'd 'gainst tyrant power,
Thy haughty soul in adverse hour,
Thy mind, which would not, could not cower,

To heartless throngs,
Could pour the gushing feeling shower
O'er others wrongs.

Ye learned dunces, like the dust,
Ye college pedants,—not in rust,
Entombed within your earth-bound crust
Of moods and tenses.

Let nature, through his genius burst,
Where's all your senses.

Shame to old Scotland's wealthy great!
Shame on their splendour, curse their state,
Which could not stoop to watch the fate

Of their own son,
But held the hand out, when too late,
And life was done.

Who sung each native wild and heath?
Whose voice did baseness crouch beneath?
Whose generous, manly, patriot breath
Made Scotland shine,
Whose is their last and brightest wreath,
'Tis thine?—'Tis thine!

Yet could thy soul mount nobly high,
E'en to its kindred realms could fly ;
And soaring in its native sky,
Scorn'd all about 'em,
While its own conscious dignity,
Grasped fame without 'em.

Then still roll on, thou glorious sun,
Of poesy's mine,—in fame roll on,
Till earth worn out, her labours done,
To chaos turns.—
Hail Scotia's Britain's, Nature's son !

Hail, Robert Burns ! NEMO.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Much has been said, from time to time, on the diminished value of theatrical property, and the generally degraded state of our drama; but the arguments usually employed on such matters, are scarcely applicable, I think, to the minor establishments, which, for the most part, are conducted with talent, and seem to yield their proprietors, if not a large, at least a respectable dividend: to these, therefore, in the observations I am about to offer, I would not be understood so pointedly to advert, as to those of higher pretensions. By some, the unproductiveness of the great winter theatres has been ascribed to a want of judgment in the managers, or the extravagant demands of the actors; by others, to the unfavourable operation of religious prejudices, or the inconvenient size of the buildings. Again, there are those who descent, with becoming warmth, on the gross impropriety of admitting to the boxes those abandoned females with whom they are nightly infested, and who, being generally in a state of intoxication, are permitted to insult all around them. It strikes me, however, that the cause of their failure is to be traced, after all, in no trifling degree, to the rebellious conduct of the gods. For my own part, I am so unwilling to encounter this wayward portion of the audience, that whenever I do participate in the amusements of the stage at all, it is certainly not by choice, but purely as a matter of compliance and accommodation; indeed, I might almost say of necessity, teased and toused as I occasionally am by my wife and daughters to become a party to their arrangements, for what they, in their easy good-natured simplicity, are pleased to call an evening's pleasure! Now the more rational spectator has no sooner secured himself a seat in the pit or boxes, than his ears are assailed from aloft, with deafening cries of 'music,' which, in the event of a moment's hesitation on the part of the orchestra, are renewed with increased vehemence; and if, perchance, the appeal be still longer disregarded, an immediate vote of censure is passed on the disobedient musicians, through the various rude but intelligible *media* of hissing, howling, stamping, thumping, and the like, while an awful imprecation, emphatically introduced at intervals, renders the discord but the more appalling. To restore order, in such cases, it might not be altogether *mal-apropos*, if the constables in attendance would only take the hint, and *act in concert*—to strike up with the significant political air of '*Kick the Rogues out.*' When, on the rising of the curtain, as it frequently

happens, a comedian of low degree, in the guise and character of a valet, is seen hastily making his exit, with a chair or table, that important circumstance seldom fails to call forth the laudatory exclamations of 'Bravo! bravo!' and 'Encore!' a species of wagery I have ever found exceedingly distressing. As the play proceeds, peradventure, a coal-heaver's hat, or something equally ponderous, escaping from the eager grasp of a sooty artisan—for these gods, if I may so express myself, seem to be Vulcans to a man—and passing, *per saltum*, over the next division, drops, for aught he knows or cares, on the unprotected crown of some capless female below. It must not be supposed, however that the honest god is to be deprived of his repast; for through the generous co-operation of his neighbours, some ingenious contrivance for its recovery is presently adopted; a rope, for instance, composed of tattered handkerchiefs and greasy cravats, of every hue and pattern, is lowered to the pit, and the lost habiliment being promptly appended thereto, is returned in boisterous triumph to its owner; in default of which, the confusion becomes so overpowering, that the performances must needs be suspended, a fate I have often thought so richly due to these incorrigible enemies of social order. Some favourite actor now, perhaps, makes his first appearance, after a provincial tour or a voyage across the Atlantic, on which interesting occasion he is greeted, of course, with the general felicitations of the house: the tribute is acknowledged with the usual complement of obeisances, and so forth; but are these simple demonstrations of gratitude sufficient? The critics of the inferior sections conceive they are, while our oracles of the roof are of a very different opinion, and nothing will do but the man must make a speech! Of such a visitation—but let that pass. The orator himself is less to be blamed than pitied. Meanwhile, the enlivening effects of the bottle are beginning to develop themselves in various extravagances, such as loud and indiscriminate encores, and an occasional scuffle; an exhibition, partaking more of the semblance than the reality of an actual *brush*, for though their general black fists are seen passing to and fro with the apparent force of their own hammers, I suspect the blows exchanged by these heroes of the anvil, are perfectly innocuous—noise, and noise alone, being the more laudable object of their exertions. In this, however, it is to be presumed they succeed to their heart's content, for so great is the uproar in some instances, that the astonished countryman, stuck fast in the centre of a crowded pit, believes it to be nothing less than an alarm of fire: and seeing, in his own bewildered imagination, the utter impracticability of escaping the conflagration, delivers himself up a certain prey to the devouring element, under the humiliating conviction too, that within the next short hour, he must inevitably be converted into ashes, leaving his survivors nothing in common with the newly-defunct of other reputable families to bewail,—nothing like a creditable set of 'mortal remains' to dispose of. It is true these excesses may be owing, in some

measure, to the great space that divides the gallery from the stage, and the impatience produced by the consequent difficulty of seeing and hearing; but it would seem that the vulgar have ever been disposed to be insolent and dictatorial at these places of public amusement, for, on referring to the history of former times, I perceive that, even in the days of the Scipios and the Hannibals—the Wellingtons and Bonapartes of antiquity,—they were much the same unreasonable creatures that we find them now. Indeed, some of the comedies of Terence, as we learn from that elegant dramatist himself, were completely overwhelmed by popular clamour. In the prologue to his *Phormio*, he betrays the most painful anxiety for the fate of that brilliant specimen of his genius; nor does he leave us in any doubt, as to the nature of the opposition he had to contend with; for, in allusion to his *Hecyra*, he says,—

'Primo actu placeo: quum interea rumor venit
Datum iri gladiatores, populus convolat:
Tumultuantur, clamant, pugnant de loco.
Ego interea meum non potui tutari locum.'

In short, the shilling gallery, and 'I say it merr in sorrow than in anger,' has now exercised its licentious authority so long, as to have become a nuisance of the most odious character, a nuisance which is at once so offensive to the more orderly classes of society, and, therefore, so much at variance with the true interests of the shareholders themselves, that it cannot, in my humble opinion, be too speedily abated.

H. L.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL TO OCEAN.

FAREWELL! wild Ocean, winter's blast
Rides on the dark'ned wave,
And stormy clouds are gathering fast,
And night winds wildly rave;
Yon bark is fading swift away,
Across the foaming tide,
And I no more can mark the spray
Which beats her noble side.

I'm safe on shore, yet gallant bark,
And fancy roves with thee,
And I should glory now to mark
Thy combat with the sea;
Yes! though I breathe this last farewell
To thee, my honour'd sail,
My thoughts on thy proud course shall dwell,
My prayers for thee prevail.

The spring flower soon shall deck the bourn
Beside which I shall roam,
And yet I'd sooner far return
To view the breaker's foam;
Farewell!—the summer's flowry vales
May gain some charms for me,
Oh, Ocean! still my winter's tales
Shall breathe of storms and thee.

E. B.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

To the Editor of The Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Having noticed, in various papers, some very paltry attacks on the members of the Royal Academy, adverturing to the late election of associates, I cannot resist the desire I feel to undertake their defence, since it is incompatible with their high stations as artists, and their characters as men of acknowledged respectability, that they should condescend to reply to interested and malig-

nant attacks, or endeavour to repel insinuations which are totally devoid of foundation. The Morning Chronicle, a short time back, contained a drivelling article relating to the conduct of the council in its choice of associates, a production which might be suspected of springing from an interested source, as would appear from the fulsome eulogiums and unimportant details which it contained relative to an historical painter, who, unfortunately for the arts as well as for himself, laid the foundation of his own ruin in endeavouring to destroy the reputation of others.

The zealous yet injudicious writer of the article in question may not be aware that, although the honours of the Academy are ever open to merit, there is still a slight form necessary in announcing an artist's intention of soliciting the associateship. A list is open to those who may wish to inscribe their names as candidates, and they alone are ballotted for. To such a clear and just method of proceeding not even this secret assailant can possibly object.

That the absence of Mr. Haydon from the ranks of the Academy should be matter of astonishment to this sapient scribe, is to me something wonderful, for he must either be pitifully ignorant of the past, or wilfully prejudiced, not to perceive the impolicy of Mr. Haydon's former conduct. Under existing circumstances, I should have been unwilling to have withdrawn the veil which Time has cast over his manifold offences, were I not compelled to it in confronting an individual who makes an unwarrantable attack on a respectable body of men, without deigning to recollect the sentiments openly avowed by the artist he endeavours to defend. I will not do Mr. Haydon the injustice to suppose that he can have changed his opinions merely to gratify his vanity; it is scarcely probable that, after having censured the conduct of a body of talented men, and having exerted his utmost influence to cast odium on an admirable institution, he should prove an apostate from his creed, and seek for honours which he has professed to despise. He has obtained reputation for productions, of which the public have had sufficient time to form a correct estimate, and on which I have not the slightest intention to expatiate; it would consequently be ridiculous to suppose for a moment that an established artist like Mr. H. could pursue a line of conduct which the most mediocre artist would reject with contempt. We cannot, therefore, venture to suppose that Mr. Haydon would condescend to place his fate in the hands of the very men he has taken such infinite pains to calumniate.

I am willing to believe that the attack in question is the production of an honest simple-hearted man, who has heard some vague and unfounded reports respecting the supposed ill treatment of Mr. Haydon, and has been somewhat elevated with the idea of appearing in print for the first time, in the noble character of a defender of unfortunate talent; and I am, therefore, justified in supposing that he has very little knowledge of what is passing in the fine arts. But allow me to demand of this fastidious critic, what

objections he can possibly advance to the nomination of Messrs. Eastlake and Chalon? Every one who has the slightest insight into art must have seen in each year's exhibition the admirable and peculiar productions of Mr. Eastlake, who has introduced a perfectly novel style of painting in his representations of Italian Banditti, which may safely be pronounced chefs-d'œuvre in their class; and to convince an admiring public that his talent was not confined to this one branch, he, with a daring spirit, ventured into the arena of dignified historical painting, and left his noble effort of Isadas the Spartan to command its merited success. Of Mr. Chalon's talents, we have also been able to judge in the annual exhibitions. Every one must have noticed his representations of scenes in Paris; one in particular, which is impressed forcibly on my memory, a View of the Fontaine des Innocens with innumerable figures, was remarkable for the inimitable character it displayed, and the faithful adherence to the manners and costumes of the Parisians; this picture alone would sufficiently authorize the council to invest him with the title of R. A. From the language of the writer, with respect to Messrs. Newton and Witherington, one would be led to imagine that they were absolutely excluded for ever from the walls of the Academy; but let us wait, without commenting on a judicious choice, till time and a favourable opportunity shall reward these highly talented artists with flattering distinctions.

Uninfluenced by any party, this humble defence must be considered a spontaneous effusion from one who is convinced of the dignity of the institution of which he ventures to be the feeble yet zealous advocate. The malignant attacks of envy and ignorance might be treated with contemptuous silence, were it not that there are people so easily swayed, that even the vile insinuations of anonymous detractors are sure to find a place in their favour, although their efforts are directed to the subversion of talent and integrity, and no man's opinion is of so little importance as to be entirely disregarded. It would be useless to take notice of general attacks on any important body; it is a tax imposed on merit and celebrity by impudence and jealousy; but individual calumnies should ever be refuted, for however unfounded and absurd, they may chance to be productive of considerable evil, particularly when they profess to scrutinize the reputations of professional men.

Amidst the crowd of discontented artists who continually assail the conduct of the Royal Academy, and question, with the most illiberal feeling, the merits of the highly talented individuals who compose that distinguished body, is there one who dare venture to assert that its members are not the most eminent artists of which this country can boast? I am aware that some allowance should be made for the feelings of irritated mediocrity, on viewing the triumph of industry and talent; and that the vanity, and not unfrequently the malignity which is so conspicuous in its efforts at detraction, should be considered as the effervescence of a weak mind rather than

the remorseless effusions of a corrupted heart.

A laboured exculpation, proceeding from authority, would be an unworthy condescension, and might, by ill intentioned persons, be construed into an apology for error, rather than the candid and manly defence of calumniated integrity; and owing to the same perversity of feeling, a scornful silence might be represented as a tacit admission of reprehensible partiality. From whom, then, are we to expect a refutation of charges, (which may, perhaps, be unworthy of serious attention,) but from one who is fully impressed with the dignity of the institution thus assailed, and who is proud of subscribing himself

A STUDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
[WE wish our readers clearly to understand that the insertion of any communication of this nature by no means implies that we acquiesce in all the positions of our correspondent. In the present case, for example, we cannot agree in the opinion, that it would be incompatible with the dignity of the R. As. to condescend to reply to attacks, 'even supposing them malignant and interested,' made upon their official character through the medium of a highly respectable public print; because people who take a different view of the matter from our correspondent may be apt to suppose that the silence proceeds from the *inability* to reply, and that, consequently, it is a pleading guilty to the charge.

As far as Mr. Haydon is concerned, we shall say very little on the subject. That he is a man of great talents, there is no sort of doubt; that he has been an imprudent man, there can be as little. Whether or not he has indeed at length put himself forward as a candidate for academic honours, we have no means of ascertaining, but we think that if he has done so, he has acted most unwisely, nor could he have had the slightest rational expectation of success. We do not say this in disparagement of his talents which are unquestionable, but we do really think that, considering what has passed between the body and the individual, it would be better for the interests and happiness of all parties, that the incorporation of the latter should remain unaffected. Indeed we can scarcely understand how Mr. H.'s sense of honour would allow him to desire it to be otherwise.

Amid all these controversies, we cannot help wishing that Mr. Haydon had heard and profited by the maxim of a venerable and esteemed living artist—that the painter's implement is the *pencil*, not the *pen*. More than one has had reason to repent the change of weapons. Poor Barry was a striking example of the truth of the observation.

We quite agree with our correspondent, that no possible objection could apply to the nomination of the two new associates, and we suppose the rejection of Messrs. Newton and Witherington may be accounted for by the fact that there were but *two* vacancies, which, unluckily, would not suffice for five people.]

NEW MUSIC.

I'd be a Butterfly. A ballad, sung by Miss LOVE, Miss STEPHENS, and Mrs. WAYLETT. The Words and Melody by T. H. BAYLEY, Esq. Willis and Co.
Fly away, pretty Moth. Words and Music by T. H. BAYLEY, Esq. Willis and Co. We are delighted with Mr. Bayley's songs,

both as regards the words and the music, but more especially the former. The melodies are simple and void of pretension, as are also the accompaniments. We like Fly away, pretty Moth best; the air is the most graceful, and has not the fault of too much repetition, which occurs in I'd be a Butterfly. We cannot recommend the second song better than by giving the words:—

Fly away, pretty moth, to the shade
Of the leaf where you slumber'd all day;
Be content with the moon and the stars, pretty moth,
And make use of your wings while you may.
Though you glittering light may have dazzled you quite;
Though the gold of yon lamp may be gay;
Many things in this world that look bright, pretty
moth,
Only dazzle to lead us astray.
I have seen, pretty moth, in the world,
Some as wild as yourself and as gay,
Who, bewitch'd by the sweet fascination of eyes,
Flitted round them by night and by day;
But though dreams of delight may have dazzled them
quite,
They at last found it dangerous play;—
Many things in this world that look bright, pretty
moth,
Only dazzle to lead us astray.

My Mary Love. Serenade. Sung by MR. BROADHURST. Written by W. H. FREEMAN, ESQ. The Music by ALEXANDER D. ROCHE. Lee and Lee.

This is a pleasing little song, free from effort, and though not original in its construction, is guiltless of that gross plagiarism which distinguishes some compositions which we could name.

Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue. Arranged for the Pianoforte, with an Introduction, Variations, and Coda, by P. KNAPTON. Willis and Co.

I'd be a Butterfly. Introduction and Variations for the Pianoforte, by P. KNAPTON. Willis and Co.

MR. K. has done much to render two airs already very popular still more so. The introductions are no less clever than characteristic; the first is an excellent specimen of Scotch musical idiom, and the second (*Les Papillons*) is an attempt to express in notes the undulations of a butterfly's wings, which is as well as sound can express action. The variations are well diversified, and calculated to improve and interest the juvenile student

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On Monday, Mr. Cooper, the American tragedian, made his debut in the character of Macbeth. Accustomed as London audiences are to see this impressive character delineated in the most powerful manner, it was reasonable to believe that, among experienced performers, none but the most talented would present himself as its representative at the metropolitan bar of criticism; and this persuasion would naturally gain strength, in the belief that Mr. Cooper's long acquaintance with dramatic life would make him well aware of the public feeling. Mr. Cooper's appearance was not considered as an ordinary dramatic occurrence; many looked forward to him as a genius of the first class, in person resembling Talma,—in talent a Roscius. With such excited feelings, we presume, many lovers of the drama attended the theatre, and

if they returned disappointed, it is to be attributed rather to their inability to discover 'a star' in Mr. Cooper than to his total want of talent. Mr. Cooper's figure is good, and his action often expressive, but sometimes extravagant; his greater defects, however, consist in his not being able to pourtray the finer passages of his author, or the secret workings of the soul, so as to strike the audience with their force and subtlety. He was received, on his entrée, with acclamation, and listened to with respectful attention; but as the scene proceeded, he lost the favour he had obtained, and before the tragedy came to its termination, the general voice was so much against him, that it was clear he had totally failed. It is our opinion that he is wholly unfit to take the lead in tragedy in London, and although he has been announced to appear as Othello, we much doubt that he will attempt it; however, as there is a chance of his appearing again, we shall, for the present, withhold all further comment.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Madame Sala made her first appearance, as we announced in our last, on Friday evening, as the Countess, in *The Marriage of Figaro*. Delicacy and timidity, ever attendant upon genius, naturally excite a strong feeling in favour of the performer, and we are consequently more inclined to praise indiscriminately, than to select trifling deficiencies which might appear harsh or invidious. Madame Sala was received with great kindness, and merited the applause she received; but we must wait for another opportunity of judging fairly of her talents before we can enter into any lengthy criticism.

VARIETIES.

An admirer of Rossini sends the following, in reply to an epigram of H. I., that appeared in *The Literary Chronicle* of last week:—

Thy pun is good, e'en I must own,
Yet fancy not the whim;
For it would take full many a Paer,
To make one such as him. C. L.

Character of the Viennese.—The Viennese thinks himself infinitely honoured if you drink his wine or eat his dinner. 'Belieben eur graden unsren sitz nehmen: please your grace to take our seat?' said a well-dressed gentleman with his lady, who occupied one of the locked seats in the pit, and heard us conversing in the English language; and when told that we had just come from our box, he asked whether we would not confer the favour on him to dine at his house, as he was very fond of hearing the English spoken. Though you will never hear good sense or a serious word, yet these people show themselves as they are, without the least ostentation or pride. Their faults are those of thoroughly-spoiled children, kept in ignorance of their rights by a demoralizing guardian, who wishes to prolong his tutorship.

Captain Clapperton.—The following is a copy of a private letter, dated November 2, received from Malta:—'I learn that a report had reached Tripoli, from Soodan, that Captain Clapperton died at Sackatoo. My Tripolitan correspondent, however, doubts the authenticity of the report; but, however this may prove in the issue, it is next to certain (he says) that a short time will put us in possession

of important intelligence relating to the geography of Central Africa; for the survivors of Clapperton (or himself, if he be not dead,) are on their way from Sackatoo, to reach Tripoli, by Bornou and Fezzan. They penetrated to Sackatoo, (this is certain,) by the way of Dahomy, from the Bight of Benin; and they must, at all events, bring with them Clapperton's notes and papers. Some natives of Bornou (who are confirmed by persons of Waday and Beghami,) assert that the waters of the Yeou and Gambaron, together with several others of magnitude, form collectively the Nile, which runs on to Nubia and Egypt; that the Lake Tchad is formed in a measure by the confluence of these and other great waters, including the Shari; and that it has an eastern outlet, from whence escapes, probably, as much water as runs into it. Thus it would appear that the Arabs were right in asserting to Denham that the Yeou was the Nile. They say, in Morocco, that the Hoarra (or Joliba) river joins the above-mentioned streams. Other Africans assert the same, but say that a branch of this latter flows behind Dahomy into the ocean—a fact (if such it be) not unknown to Bosman, a century ago.'

Philomathic Institution.—We were greatly gratified, on Friday last, by a lecture, delivered at the Philomathic Institution, on the history of French literature. The lecturer was Mr. Ventouillae, the editor of a new edition of the principal classical authors in that language, and it was, with considerable pleasure, that we found him addressing his very respectable audience, in English, which Mr. V. speaks with the fluency and correctness of a native. We have great pleasure in learning that the very ingenious lecturer intends addressing the society, of which he is so useful a member, at greater length, on the same subject, during the next month.

Mr. W. G. Graham, sub-editor of *The New York Enquirer*, was shot in a duel with Mr. Barton, of Philadelphia, on the 28th November, on the Jersey shore. The cause of the quarrel is not stated, but they fired at ten paces, standing face to face, without effect; their pistols were then reloaded, when, upon firing again, Mr. Graham received his adversary's ball in the side, and died shortly afterwards.

Helen Maria Williams.—It is with regret we announce to our readers the death of one of the most distinguished women of our day. This lady has been known as the authoress of several political works on the French Revolution, and of English poetry, which Bouffleus and Esmenard have translated into our language. Endowed with superior talents and great sensibility, she has recounted to England all the important events successively of the French Revolution. She obtained celebrity by a constant and sincere affection for sound liberty. Benevolence, affability, and a tender concern for the unfortunate, were virtues happily blended in her generous breast. Her literary works are in many respects the property of history, while the recollection of her own character of admirable kindness will never be effaced from the memory of her surviving friends.—*Journal des Débats*.

Fossil Plants.—In Grysthorp Bay, near Scarborough, a large deposit of fossil plants of the coal formation has been found, presenting many varieties hitherto undescribed, and differing essentially from those of the Newcastle field. They occur in slate clay, alternating with clay, ironstone, and a thin seam of coal, about half way below the high water mark, and are principally stems and leafy impressions

of tropical ferns. Several of the specimens of the frondescent ferns are of large and uncommon beauty.

Singhalese Numbers.—Two important periods which frequently occur in the writings of the Budhuists, are the *asanha* and *mahacalpe*, and the illustrations resorted to, in order to enable the mind to form some conception of those infinite periods are not a little curious. “Suppose,” says an old Indian author, “a cubic stone, each side of which measures nine cubits, were placed in a given situation, and that a goddess of great beauty, dressed in robes of the finest muslin, were once in a thousand years, to pass it in such a manner that the gentle breeze should waft her garments against it; the time necessary to reduce that stone to the size of a mustard seed would make an *antacalpe*, and eighty antacalpes constitute a *mahacalpe*.” Another way, more intelligible, is this—The earth increases in one antacalpe seven *yoduns* (or about fourteen English miles), but it increases only the breadth of the human finger in 1,000 years; now a *yodun* contains 1,075,200 fingers, and hence seven *yoduns* will contain 7,526,400 fingers. Multiply this number by 1,000 (the number of years in which the earth is supposed to increase the breadth of *one* finger) and the product will give the *antacalpe*, viz. 7,526,400,000 years. Again, multiply this product by 80 (the number of antacalpes to one *mahacalpe*), and we shall have the product, 602,112,000,000 years!” Thus the *mahacalpe* is a respectable period, but it bears less proportion to an *asanha* than a second to a thousand years.”—*Vid. Asiatic Journal.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.		Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.	
Dec. 14	41	42	47	29 34	Rain.
.... 15	47	50	48	.. 67	Cloudy.
.... 16	46	46	45	.. 16	Cloudy.
.... 17	45	51	45	.. 80	Rain.
.... 18	48	52	53	.. 81	Rain.
.... 19	52	52	48	.. 81	Rain.
.... 20	46	46	42	.. 81	Cloudy.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

R. M. will appear in an early number.

Sforza in our next.

C. L. L. will find a letter at the office on Monday.

Purser is intended for insertion.

Gilbertus in our next.

Victoria may succeed hereafter.

The Three Visits is a plagiarism from Sayings and Doings. THE LITERARY CHRONICLE extracted the story of Martha the Gipsey from those entertaining volumes, and we cannot be induced to reprint it by the paltry artifice of a few slight variations of names and places.

The next year's volume of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE will be printed on a larger paper, so as to admit of an increase of matter without diminishing the size of the type.

The Monthly Part for December, the Quarterly Part, and the Volume of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE for 1827, will be ready on the 31st instant.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.—Todd's Historical Tablets, royal 4to. £1. 10s.—Franklin's Present State of Hayti, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Markham's France, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 16s.—Whately's Elements of Rhetoric, 8vo. 12s.—The Fireside Book, foolscap, 6s.—Parry's Three Voyages, 5 vols. 18mo. £1.—Life in the West, 2 vols. crown 8vo. £1. 1s.—Clubs of London, 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.—Barclay's Introductory Anatomical Lectures, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Cruikshank's John Gilpin, 1s.—Forsyth's First Lines of Botany, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—The Domestic Guide to the Footstool of Mercy, 5s.—Allen's History of London, Vol. 2, 9s. 0d.—The Printer's Manual, 1s.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION:—A second edition of the Revolt of the Bees.—The fourth edition of Mr. Alaric Watts's Poetical Sketches, illustrated by Messrs. Heath and Finden.—Longinus, a tragedy, in five acts.—The Funeral of the Right Hon. George Canning.—Lines to the Memory of Sir John Cox Hippisley, Bart. and other Poems, by Jacob Jones, Esq. of the Inner Temple.—The Swedes in Prague, an historical romance, from the German, by Madame Pichler.

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